

Female Pleasures Discovered,
In Six Dialogues between
Two Young LADIES
CONCERNING
Love and Marriage,

VIZ.

- I. Proving that Women, as well as Men, are inclin'd to LOVE, and equally desirous of Propagating their Kind.
- II. Shewing what LOVE is; its Sorts and Power, and the difference between LOVE and LUST.
- III. How to discern whether a Man or Woman be in LOVE.
- IV. Directions for Young Ladies Prudent Managing the Affairs of LOVE.
- V. OF MARRIAGE: The Duty of every Person to Marry, unless there be a Lawful Impediment.
- VI. The Unreasonableness and Danger of Marrying for MONEY; and the great Misfortunes that frequently attend such as do.

To which are added,

Proposals for an Act to Enforce Marriage, and for Taxing such Batchelors as refuse to Marry.

WITH THE

Danger of Celibacy to a Nation.

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N,

Printed and Sold by J. How, at the Seven Stars in
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Female Grievances Debated,
 BETWEEN
 ELIZA and MARIANA,
 Two Young LADIES

INTRODUCTION

To the
 First Dialogue.

IN that pleasant Season of the Year, when our *Meadows* as well as our *Madams*, and our *Groves* as well as our *Gossips*, the one by the help of Nature, and the other by the hands of their *Chamber Maids*, improve their *Beauty* with their best
 A 2 Apparel;

Apparel, and when the *Wat'ry Planet*, by his aquatick Influence upon Humane Constitutions, inclines great numbers of both Sexes to turn Aquepotes, and to quit this Noisie and Inebrious Town for the Sober Delights of *Tunbridge*, *Epsome*, and *Dulledge*, it was then, having been long tired with hard Stools, occasion'd by *Coffive Claret*, that I found, in my own Nature, a strong Propensity to Rince my Guts, and Cool my Intrails, for a Week or Fortnight, with a plentiful Mornings Draught of *Purging Element*: Accordingly I chose *Dulledge-Wells*, as the fittest Rendezvous for a Man of my Quality, well knowing, by former Experience, that a Man might venture to talk freely there to any Stranger without the danger of Affronting my Lord, or being counted a Saucy Fellow by a Tallow-faced Court-Lady; for a Man of slender Judgement might guess the Quality of both Sexes, tho' not by the Looseness of their Carriage, yet by the Looseness of their Apparel; for the Men come to the Wells in *Morning-Gowns*, and *Sweeteners-Coats*, and the Women without

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Stays, in *Nighttrails* and *White Aprons*, as if they came prepar'd for some other Exercise besides Drinking and Fizzling.

I had not been at *Dulledge* above two or three Days, but Walking one Evening in the Neighbouring Woods to Contemplate on the Blessings of a *Retir'd Life*, and to gratifie my Ears with the Melodious Songs of the Harmonious *Nightingales*, which abound greatly in those Parts, and Contribute much to the Felicity of all those *Strolling Lovers*, as well as *Pensive Mortals*, who are Delighted with frequenting those Shady Territories. But being Charm'd with the Musick of the *Feather'd Quire*, and the inexpressible Satisfaction I found, particularly in one Corner of the *Wood*, after tir'd with my Walking, I was Tempted to sit down in a Pleasant *Thicket*, where I was as well secur'd from any Passengers view, as a *Midnight Thief* under a *Bulk*, or an *Owl* in an *Ivy-Bush*. I had not been long Seated, *Hedge-Bird* like, in this Obscurity, as if I intended to make a *Loose* at the next *Purse*, but a couple of Beautiful Young Damsels came

Pratling along by me, and forgetting the Old Proverb, *That Walls have Ears, and Hedges have Eyes*; being Delighted, as well as my self, with this part of the *Grove*; they both sat themselves down, with their Backs towards me, at a small distance, little thinking that a Neighbouring Bower harbour'd a Person, who, tho' hidden from their Sight, was so conveniently placed, as to be both an Eye and an Ear Witness of whatsoever should pass between 'em, either in Word or Deed. They had not press'd the tender Grass with their Charming Bumfiddles above three or four Minutes, but after they had highly commended the Pleasantness of the *Wood*; they enter'd upon the following *Dialogue*, which I have presented to the Reader with as little Variation as is possible; from whence we may Learn, that there is no disparity in the Natural Dispositions and Inclinations of both Sexes, tho' Decency and Custom have oblig'd the Female Sex, in most Cases, especially in the Affairs of *Love*, to show a different Deportment.

DIALOGUE I.

BETWEEN

ELIZA and MARIANA,

*Proving Women, as well as Men,
equally inclin'd to Love, and desirous
of Propagating their Kind.*

Eliza.

THIS Solitary Place, *Mariana*,
seems to me as if *Nature* had
design'd it for nothing else
but for Disconsolate Lovers to breath
forth their Sighs in, and for such
neglected Virgins as you and I to
reflect upon the Coldness and Indif-
ference of the Male Sex, who are now
grown so Mercenary, that except a
Womans Charms are Gilded, their
Hearts are Case-harden'd against all

3 Female Grievances.

Impressions, both of *Youth* and *Beauty*.

Mariana. Truly, Cousin, I think at present *Love*, *Loyalty*, and *Religion*, are all under the same Predicament; for few Men are Faithful to either *Church*, *Government*, or *Mistress*, any longer than *Interest* makes them so.

Eliza. But, what can be the reason that Men of late should so degenerate from the true Principles of *Honour* and *Vertue*? That they should in this Age dispence so easily with the Force of *Beauty* and the Power of *Love*, which, heretofore, us'd to lay the greatest Obligations upon true *Masculine Generosity*, of any *Temporal* Inducements on this side *Heaven* and that a little *Worldly* Dross should now Tempt them to Plunge into those difficulties, and Fatigue themselves in so many desperate and hazardous Enterprizes, which, in the Days of our Predecessors, nothing but *Love* and *Beauty* could engage them to Embarque in; nor was there any other Reward expected for the greatest Gallantry, than for the *Fortunate Hero* to be happily possess'd of the Object of his Affections.

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Mariana. I doubt, Cousin, we are a little impos'd upon by those Old Stories, which report to us what unaccountable Wonders have been perform'd by some *Amorous Desperado's*, for the sake of their *Mistresses*; the Killing of *Bulls, Bears, and Dragons*, when *Knight Errantry* was in Fashion, methinks were but very rough Adventures, and a strange *Bear-Garden* way of *Courtship* to win the Heart of a fair Lady: Would the same Exploits recommend Men, now-a-days, to the Favour of *Female Beauty*? Our *Butchers*, instead of our *Beaus*, might Plead the best Title to the finest Women in the Kingdom.

Eliza. But, pray, Madam, give me leave; was it not for *Helens* Injur'd Beauty, that the *Grecians* Sack'd *Troy*? Was it not for the sake of his Dear *Penelope*, that *Ulysses* Sacrificed his *Rivals*? Was it not to Rescue Beauty, that *St. George* slew the *Dragon*? I hope you don't believe that all these things are Fables? I would not have you Dishonour our Sex so far, as to think the Enjoyment of Youth and Beauty, not worth the Hazard of a *Lovers* Life; especially

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where the Prize is not to be won without it.

Mariana. I know, Cousin, our Sex has been Flatter'd with abundance of Old Poetical Tales and Romances. But, I dare Swear, were some of our finest Ladies to be won no other way than by the hazard of Mens Necks, that should attempt to Court them, I am Confident, notwithstanding their Beauty, they might live Unmarry'd till they shed their Teeth, and had no more Charms to boast on, than Gammar Gurton at Threescore, whose Looks are as great an Antidote against Love, as the Sluttishness of a Scotch Cook is to an English Appetite; and yet I am apt to think that Women are as Inviting, and Men as Valiant in this Age, as ever they have been in the times of our Fore-fathers.

Eliza. But, pray, Cousin, tell me then what should be the reason that so many deserving Ladies, who want neither Inward Qualifications, or External Beauty to recommend them to esteem, should, for want of Fortunes, Live so long Neglected? If Men, now-a-days, thro' a Miserly Corruption,

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did not, contrary to *Nature*, Transfer that very *Love* to *Money*, which, by the *Laws* of the *Creation*, is undoubtedly due to our unhappy Sex; for who Marries now, but more for the *Portion* than he does for the *Woman*, as if there were more *Charms* to be found in one *Bag of Gold*, than in all the *Beauty* of a *Venus*: And is not this a sufficient *Proof*, That the *Gentlemen* of this *Age* are *Degenerated* strangely from the true *Old English Gallantry*? When a *Dowdy*, *Japand* o'er with a little *India Gold*, shall be more *Ador'd* and *Caref'd*, than the prettiest *Woman* in the *Kingdom*, that wants full *Bags* to *Ballance* her *Beauty*.

Mariana. I must needs tell you, *Cousin*, if we examine things impartially, we cannot exempt our own Sex from the like failings; for we are as apt to put a *Niggardly Restraint* upon our *Affections*, as the *Male-Sex*, which you so much complain of; or else I believe you are sensible we need not have been thus long *Strangers* to the State of *Matrimony*; for I am sure we have both refus'd good *Profers*, in hopes to mend
Eliza.

Eliza. That's true; but you know very well it was not upon the account of *Circumstance*, but for want of *Love*, that made us give our Sparks a Negative Repulse. As for my part I hate a thing that looks like a *Twin* or *Pin-Basket*; I love a Man that looks as if his Parents Begot him before *Honey-Moon* was over.

Mariana. Truly, Cuz, I am of the same mind, I should hate to venture upon a Peeking Fellow, that looks as if he would only use me as a *Bride* for the first Month, and then make me his *Nurse* for all his Life time after. Upon my Word, I should much rather chuse a Man that was more likely to Kill me, than himself, with over Kindness.

Eliza. Indeed, Cousin, you are much in the right on't. But all these Jolly Lively Men, who have the best Title to Handsome Wives, are so Bought up by the *Thin-Jaw'd*, *Hump-Back'd*, *Proud*, *Ill-Condition'd*, *Tallow-Fac'd* Quality, that have Money at Command, in hopes thereby to mend the Breed of their Families, that scarce one Pretty Woman in a Hundred (except her Charms are set

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in Gold) is able to provide herself with a Husband answerable to her Merit, but must be forc'd to take up with the very Bugbears of *Humane Race*; or else, like an *Out-lying-Deer* must satisfy *Nature* out of the *Pale* of the *Church*; which I cannot but think to be a great hardship upon our Sex.

Mariana. It is so; but then you must Consider Homely Rich Men, to make our Sex part of amends, do sometimes take off the Beautiful without Money; so that we ought to set the *Hare's Foot against the Goose Gibblets.*

Eliza. But that is far from being Equivolent; in the first Place they do it but seldom: For we find Rich Men will have Rich Wives, tho' they are as Ugly as *Old Nick*; and if their Stomachs are too Nice to Digest their Bargains, they will now and then please their Pallates with a Pretty Bit by the By; which you know a Woman cannot do without the hazard of her Ruin; but must, if she has once the Misfortune of Marrying a Rotten *Old Log*, a *Knotty Stick*, or a *Crooked-Billet*,
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be forc'd to make the best of a bad Market, and *Hug-it*, and *Tug-it*, and *Lug-it* to the end of the Chapter.

Mariana. I must confess, as matters are now Canvas'd between both Sexes, *Men*, in the Case of *Matrimony*, have gain'd a great many advantages of us, and not only so, but even in *Courtship*, which is the first Step, and the sweetest Preliminary towards it. For they, without Dishonour to their Sex, can Attack whom they please; and Reveal their *Passions* without a Scandal to their *Vertues*; whilst we, tho' Tortured with the Pains of *Love* never so violently, are oblig'd, in *Modesty* to conceal our *Flame*, and with an awkward Coyness disguise our very *Natures* to humour *Custom*. For should we suffer the *Fire* in our *Hearts* to blaze too early out of the Windows of our Souls, our Looks would but Invite our *Lovers* to use us with too little *Respect*, and too bold a *Freedom*, and make them attempt that before *Marriage*, which, otherwise, they would think themselves happy to Enjoy after.

Eliza. In this I am directly of

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your Opinion; for I have often thought it the greatest Misfortune of our Sex, that we should be by Nature Subject to the same Appetites, and Incident to the same Passions; and yet, forsooth, be deny'd the Freedom of opening our Grief to that Physician, in whose Power it only remains to Administer a Cure. I protest, a Body had better be a Dead Lump, in my mind, or a Crawling piece of Irrationality, than a Pretty Woman, under these severe Restrictions. By the Laws of Nature we are bound to Love, and by the Rules of Modesty obliged to Conceal it. We must bear the Impertinence of those we don't Love, and hide our Affections from those we do. Thus Burn, but dare not Breathe; Languish, but not Complain; Love, but must not own it. Come, come, Cousin Mariana, this can never be as Heaven design'd it, I am Confident. It is by some soul Play, certainly, that we are Educated and brought up under such Rigorous Discipline.

Mariana. Indeed, Cousin, I am easily perswaded to believe that our Sex are very much imposed upon, and

and cheated out of their *Natural Liberty*. For, since we are furnish'd by *Nature* with the same Propensity to *Love* as Men, I think it is but reasonable we should enjoy an equal Freedom of declaring our Minds; when ever we see Occasion, without Incurring the least Reflection for so Innocent a Discovery. Since *Love*, within Lawful bounds, is no Crime in it self, for what reason should either Sex be ashamed to own it, or to make it known to the Person who is the Object of their *Affections*, and the Cause of their *Uneasiness*, who would, perhaps, think himself extremely happy in having so favourable an Opportunity to express his Gratitude? And, I dare Swear, would like a Woman (if he had any Generosity) not one Jot the worse, but rather the better, for such a forward Assurance of the Reality of her *Affections*.

Eliza. Upon my Word, Cousin, I do not at all Question, but in a little time, it will become fashionable for the Ladies to make known their *Affections* as well as the Men; for I can give you some Instances of late

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of its being put in Practice with very good Success, which our Sex hearing by degrees, will, from a few such like Adventures, be encourag'd, especially in the Case of Insupportable Love, to take the same Liberty.

Mariana. Prithee, Cousin, since you say you are acquainted with some Intrigues of this Nature, let's hear how they were manag'd by our Sex, in not only such difficult, but uncommon Cases.

Eliza. Methinks this is a mighty pretty place to Sit and Chat and Tattle in, I shall therefore be the more willing to Oblige you, because the Opportunity is so very agreeable to such a purpose.

A pritty Young Lady in London, whose Father and Mother were both Dead, and her Fortune in her own hands, having often had the Sight of a Country Gentleman of a small Estate, who coming to Town about Business, happen'd to Lodge at a great Milleners-Shop in Cheapside, where the Lady very frequently used to furnish herself with Ribbons, Gloves, and such like Necessaries. The Gentleman being a Man
of

of Humour and Eloquence, as well as Presence and Deportment, would be often sitting in the Shop, on purpose to have the Pleasure of viewing the pretty Ladies that came in as Customers; and now and then would, Gentleman like, pass a Modest Complement, where he thought worthy. But this Lady above the rest, having taken more particular Notice of his Comely Stature, and Genteel Carriage, began to conceive an extraordinary Opinion of his Merits, insomuch that she thought him one of the most deserving Gentlemen that ever she beheld, till by Meditating too much upon his Natural Perfections, she at last grew much Enamour'd with his Person; and from the Sparks of Love once kindled, she soon, by the Strength of Fancy, which are Cupids Bellice, nourish'd the thriving Embrio to a Flaming Perfection. The Gentleman, when his Town Business was dispatch'd, return'd into the Country, being wholly Ignorant what a Conquest he had made over a pretty Lady, who was doubly Qualify'd, both with Wealth and Beauty, to Entitle her to his Gratitude. The Young Lady in his Absence from Town, used her utmost Forces to free her Heart from its Cap-

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tivity, but to no purpose; so that at last, Dispairing of all other Remedy, she resolved to project some Method or other to acquaint him with her uneasiness, but still after such a manner that might in no measure endanger her Reputation, or cause her to be thought too Masculine, or Confident. The first part of her Undertaking was to enquire out his Name and Place of Abode, which she soon Learn'd of the Milliner, without the least Suspicion; when she had thus far proceeded, by the Assistance of a Female Friend, she put herself into Mans Apparel, (but acquainted no Body with what she further design'd) and when she had thus done, and accouter'd herself with all Necessaries for her Journey, she Repairs to the Suffolk Coach, and without the Company of any Confident or Acquaintance, Marches down to St. Edmundsbury in Suffolk, where her Spark liv'd; no sooner had she Arrived at her Journeys end, but, Impatient of delay, she put herself upon Enquiry after the Object of her Affections, who was so well known in the Town, that she soon heard of him, under so happy a Character that was not at all Inferiour to that favourable Idea which
her.

Female Grievances.

her own Imagination had conceiv'd of him, which Welcome News but inflam'd her Passion, and made her the more eager of securing to herself so Meritorious a Person: In order to accomplish which, she bespoke a good Supper at her Inn, and when it was near ready, sent a Message to the Gentleman, in a sham Name, desiring to speak with him about Important Business, who Civilly sent back word, He would wait presently upon the Gentleman; which he did accordingly, and was received very Ceremoniously and Courteously by his Disguised Admirer, who beg'd Pardon for giving him so great a Trouble; but told him, She was come from London, on purpose to impart a Secret to him, which she did not Question, but, with his Discreet Management, would turn much to his Advantage. The Gentlemen taking his unknown Friend to be of the Masculine Gender, return'd his Compliment accordingly, and seem'd mighty Impatient to be acquainted with the Business, which the Lady told him, She was willing to defer till after Supper, which, being now ready, was bringing up to the Table: When the Dishes were placed, down they

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sat, till with Eating and Chatting they had wasted about an Hour; when the Supper was ended, and the Room clear of Servants, the Lady, with a freedom suitable to the Sex she represented, began to deliver herself after this manner, (*viz.*) In the first place, Sir, before I descend to the Business, which, perhaps, when you hear it, may be a little surprizing to you, I must beg you to lay aside all Suspensions of Deceit or Jealousie of my coming to impose any thing upon you. Sir, reply'd the Gentleman, you look not like a Person that would give your self so much unnecessary trouble for the sake only of a Jest, or for the lucre of any Advantage you could propose to reap, by an unjustifiable Design, therefore, you need not question but I shall receive your Business with all the Credit that is Reasonable. Then, Sir, says the Lady, I shall proceed to the matter.

There is a certain Lady in London, who, tho' she is my own Sister, I cannot but represent to you as a very agreeable Woman, whose Person is not only Aimable, and Conversation Affable, but her Fortune Considerable.

derable; and having had some Opportunities of observing your Person and Deportment, she is resolv'd, if you can think it agreeable with your Circumstances and Inclinations, to bestow herself upon you, provided you can Ballance the Respect she bears you, with an Equivolent Esteem: The Discontent she is under upon your Account, made me Importunate with her to reveal the Cause of her Melancholy, which at last, with much difficulty, I obtain'd of her, and find by the Languishing Condition she is now under, that there are no other means to make her Happy, and to reconcile her suffering Breast to its Peaceful Temper, but by your vouchsafing to become her Husband, so that I thought my self Oblig'd, when I knew her Grief, to seek her Remedy; and by the Natural Affection I bear to her as a Sister, to become a *Solicitor* in this *Important Affair*, on the Success of which, I very plainly perceive the Happiness of her Life does most intirely depend. This, Sir, is my whole Business, and tho' it may seem to you to be but an odd Errand; yet, I

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hope, Sir, after a timely Consideration, you will dispatch me back with a Satisfactory Answer.

The Gentleman both pleased and startled at so surprizing a Story, could scarce command his Faculties to make a suitable Reply; but after a little Pause, recovering his Intellects, he first thank'd the Gentleman as he thought, for his welcome News, and then proceeded to the following Answer, (*viz.*)

Sir, if I have any Diffidence of the Matter you have given your self the trouble to report to me, I hope you will ascribe it to the little Opinion I have of my own Merits, for nothing can be a greater Amusement to me, than that a Lady of such Excellence and Worth as I question not, but Judge by your own Accomplishments, your Sister is possess'd of, should so Injudiciously bestow her Heart upon a Person who so little deserves so great a Blessing. Therefore, Sir, all that I can say is this, if you have so good a Lady to your Sister, whose Generosity has been such, to wish me those Favours I could never have Merited, I think my self bound, in the highest Gratitude, to beg of you to assure her, that
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if the Favourable Idea, she has been pleased to form of my mean Accomplishments, has been the occasion of her Pain, that I have Gratitude enough upon her own Terms, to become her Physician; and that I think my self oblig'd, by the Honour she has done me, had I all things answerable to her own Merit, to thank her for her Choice, and to submit my self intirely to her Generous Disposal, provided there be no Falacy behind the Curtain, but that all things are fair and clear according to the Representation you have been pleased to give me.

Sir, reply'd the Lady, you have answer'd like a Gentleman, and worthily express'd a Grateful Disposition becoming of your self; therefore the next Favour I must entreat of you is, that you will visit London with all convenient speed, and I will give you Directions where you may pay your Respects to my Sister, who I am sure will receive you with such Satisfaction as will be agreeable with your own, and in the Interim I shall acquaint her by Letter of your kind Assurances, that she may have some Comfort to support her Drooping Spirits, till

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your own Occasions shall give you leave to make her further Happy in your *Personal Conversation*: As to my own part, my *Butinels* obliges me, at present, to have recourse to *Cambridge*, where I shall be forc'd to continue for about two or three days; but I shall take care to be Early enough in Town to meet you at my Sisters, where, I hope, you will be throughly Convinc'd of the reality of the Affair I have thus freely open'd, and that all things will be carry'd on with that smoothness and alacrity, as will, at last, terminate in all our *Satisfactions*.

Matters being thus concluded, and all Doubts remov'd, and the Gentleman resolv'd to pursue the Enterprize. After a few Compliments were mutually pass'd from one to the other, they took a Courteous leave, and so parted: And the Lady greatly satisfy'd with her good Success, return'd back to London with all possible speed, and changing her Garb at her Friends House, re-assum'd her Effeminacy, and repair'd to her Lodging, putting every thing in the best Order to receive her Lover, (who had now confirm'd the Conquest he had made by

shews of Gratitude, and his extraordinary Civility) giving Orders to her Maid that when ever such a Gentleman came that she should Usher him up Stairs, but conceal her Instructions. The Gentleman, Tormented betwixt Hope and Doubt, and being very Impatient till he had discover'd the Truth, lost no time to prepare himself for his Journey, but came up to Town with all possible speed; and Equipping himself for his Adventure, according to his Directions, soon found out the Ladies Lodgings, and by a Private Enquiry grew well satisfy'd that all things answer'd the Report he had heard of her; upon which he ventures to pay a Visit, to whom he was very readily admitted, but receiv'd with all the Strangeness and Coyness imaginable, which as much surpriz'd him as the admirable Beauty of the Lady, who was so strangely alter'd by her Female Dress, and the Advantages she had given herself, that he entertain'd not the least thought of her being her own Messenger. After a few Introductory Compliments had pass'd, the Gentleman told her, That he had the Honour to see her Brother in Suffolk, by whose Directions and Advice he had presum'd to

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pay her Ladiship this Visit; upon which the Lady Artificially Dissembled an unexpected Strangeness, and told him, She was certain he was much mistaken, for that she knew no such Person as a Brother in the World, and that she was the only Daughter that was left of her Family. Truly, Madam, replies the Gentleman, you very much surprize me, for I am come on purpose from St. Edmundsbury, in hopes to dispatch an Affair of some Moment, which I conceive now, is all turn'd into a Fools Errand; therefore I humbly beg your Pardon, Madam, that I should be thus Bold and Impertinent, to pay a Visit, where, I find, I have no Business; and so arising from his Seat, was about to take his leave. But, pray, Sir, says the Lady, since you have taken so long a Journey to so little purpose, if you please to Sup with me, you shall be very Welcome. I must beg the favour of you to acquaint me with the Particulars of the Business that brought you hither, least some Body should have made an ill-use of my Name, to Decoy you into this mistake, and my Reputation be insensibly Injur'd, in some Scandalous Af-

fair, that I am absolutely a Stranger to. Truly, Madam, replies the Gentleman, I am very willing to accept of your Invitation; but I cannot tell you what induc'd me to be Guilty of this Presumption, without betraying my own Weakness, and giving you a just occasion to condemn me for my Simplicity. Upon my Word, Sir, says the Lady, I am not given to Censure: I shall be apt to make as favourable a Construction as the matter will well bear, therefore I entreat you to be so free as to open the whole Secret.

Upon such like Importunities, the Gentleman was at last prevail'd upon to give a downright Narrative of the whole Transaction; to which the Lady reply'd, She was heartily sorry that such an un-Gentleman like Jest should be put upon him, especially in her Name; and that she thought herself equally oblig'd to Resent the Injury, because the Person, whoever he was, had been so bold as to make her Name, unknowingly to herself, so great an Instrument in Affronting a Gentleman that seem'd so little to deserve it.

In such sort of Talk the time was

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spent till Supper was brought to the Table; to which the Gentleman (being vex'd at his Disappointment) had but a slender Appetite; yet the freedom of the Lady being such, and her Beauty and Affability directly answering the Character he had of her, made him willing to hope there was some Juggle in the matter, that, when Unriddled, might still turn to his Advantage. These Comfortable Thoughts made him re-assume his Native Courage, that when Supper was over he began to Talk very Amorously, which the Lady seem'd to receive after a Jestling manner; telling him, She found no Fault with him, but that she believ'd he was Red Hair'd. The Gentleman knowing his Hair to be of a quite different Colour, replies a little warmly, by the L——d, Madam, you are much mistaken, and in a Passion plucks off his Wig, to satisfy her to the contrary: At which the Lady very Merrily burst into a Laughter, crying, Now your Wig's off let me see how I look in it? So, stepping to her Glass, she whip'd off her Commode, and slip'd on his Perriwig, and turning towards him, ask'd him How he lik'd her? Z——ds, Madam, cries the Gentleman,

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that's the Face, by the L——d that brought me the News into Suffolk. Are you sure on't, Sir, says the Lady? Faith, Madam, says he, if you would but put on my Coat, Waste Coat, and Breeches too, I believe I might Swear it with a safe Conscience. Well, Sir, says the Lady, if you think it was me, Pray how did you like the News I brought you? Truly, Madam, replies the Gentleman, I was very well pleased with the Tidings: But now, Madam, I believe the Consequence of the matter lies wholly in your Power to determine; for I am almost Confident you Represent to me the Angel that I saw, and the sweet Voice that I heard, tho' the Masculine Disguise your Beautiful Person was then under, was such an Obscurity to your Charms, that I was wholly Ignorant of the Blessings I enjoy'd; or otherwise you should have found an Entertainment suitable to the Perfections of so Generous a Lady. Sir, reply'd the Lady, I find you to be a Gentleman, that in all Particulars, answers the Character I conceiv'd of you: And since you have given your self all this Trouble, meerly thro' the Principles of Gratitude, to Oblige a Stranger, who, thro' the

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the Infirmities of her Sex, must own she has fix'd her Heart upon you, I should have thought it Barbarous, tho' at your first Visit, to have us'd a Gentleman so ill, that has us'd me so well, as to let you depart from me Dissatisfy'd; therefore I must own my self to be the very Person that sent for you at *Bury*; and if you like what was there propos'd to you, I shall be very willing, in an Honourable way, to submit my self and my Fortune (not Inferiour to your own) wholly to your Conduct. The Gentleman, in a perfect Extasie, at this surprizing Success, Embrac'd her in his Arms, and gave her all the Assurances of the unexpressable Satisfaction he was certain always to find in the Affections and happy Conversation of so charming a Lady. So that the Thoughts of both being equally Ravish'd with their mutual good Fortune, there was no room left for any difficulties to arise, but they were happily Marry'd in a little time after, and remain as a Loving President for all to imitate, that enter into the State of Matrimony.

Mariana. Upon my Word, Cousin,

I think she was a Lady of Admirable Courage: Had it been my Case, I believe I should scarce have taken the like Pains, to have Humour'd the like Fancy.

Eliza. You talk as if you were a meer Stranger to Love. Alas! It is such a Powerful Passion, in a Generous Breast, that you may as well pretend to tame a Fury, as to controul its Dictates; it will make us do what it pleases; and, *Ignis Fatuus* like, hurry us thro' Woods, Ponds, or Quagmires, and a Thousand other Difficulties to find out that inestimable Prize it leads the Victim in search of.

Mariana. I doubt you speak by Experience, you express your self so feelingly: But, I protest, Cousin, now we are got into these pleasing Stories, we quite forget our selves, we must walk apace, or they'll stay Supper for us.

Eliza. 'Tis true, Child, we ought to be going; but I am so mightily in Love with this Pleasant Place of Retirement, that if you will give me your Company, we'll come every Evening about the same time, and spend an Hour here; for, methinks, nothing

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is more pleasant than to Sit in such a shady Bower, and to Tattle *Love Stories*.

Thus away Trip'd my Ladies, without the least Discovery of any Lift'ner in Ambush: And when they were march'd off, out crept I, like an *Essex Calf* out of a *Thicket*, resolving the next Evening to take the like Opportunity.

INTRODUCTION

To the Second Dialogue.

EARLY the next Morning, which Usher'd in the *Tuesday*, I took a Walk to the *Wells*, where the *Water-Womens Huts*, like so many *Indian Wigwags*, serv'd to shew us what *Industrious Shifts* were made by Mankind, before *Houses* were in Fashion; every thing look'd so *Wild*, so *Heatbenish* and *Uncommon*, that a Man might easily fancy, from the *Uncooth* appearance of their *Fuzzy Habitations*, that some *Lousie Sect* of *Cinical Philosophers*, who had Abandon'd the World, thro' an Affection to *Poverty*, had pitch'd their *Tents* in this *Solitary Desert*, to gratifie the *Itch* of a *Churlish Temper*, for

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I think I never beheld truer Emblems of *Beggary* and *Distress*, than the *Barrenness* of the *Common*, and the *Poorness* of their *Hovels*, represented at a distance. And, indeed, when you come near some of the *Handers* of the *Element*, who are the only *Inhabitants* of these *Doorless Tenements*, and are so *Despicably Wretched*, that I have sometimes been fearful, as they fill'd me *Water*, that some eight Leg'd *Vermin* should drop out of their *Sleeves* into my *Glass*, and give me a *Medicine* for the *Yellow-Jaundice*, before I had *Occasion* to use it: As the *Water* will *Purge* you downwards, so the *People*, that give it you, are enough to add another *Vertue* to it, and make it *Work* upwards, except a *Man* first takes a *Pipe* of *Stinking Mundungus* to fortifie his *Stomach* against all other *Nastiness*. The *Company* I found at this *Squerting-Rendezvous*, were chiefly *London Shopkeepers*, who came to *Rince* away the slimy *Dregs* of *Fat Capon* and *Custard*, with which they had over-Burthen'd *Nature*, at their *City-Feasts*, who were *Poisoning* the *Air* with their *Offensive Sotweed*, whilst their

Burly

Barly Wives, and Green-Sickness
 Daughters sat mounted upon Clay
 Benches, cover'd over with Green
 Turffs, instead of Cushions, some
 Nibbling of *Spice-Buns*, and others
 warming their cold Stomachs with
Sugar-Plumbs and *Ginger-Bread*, Drink-
 ing now and then a Glass of fashionable
Physick, to carry off *Obstructions*, and
 scower the lower *Premises*. Nothing
 is so uneasie a Companion here to
 the Ladies that Drink the *Waters*, as
 extraordinary *Modesty*, which they
 must be forc'd, either to lay aside,
 or put almost as Troublesome a Re-
 straint upon *Nature*, as the *Roman*
Courtier did that burst a Gut, and
 Died, before the *Emperour Claudius*,
 rather than he would show himself
 so ill Bred, as to *Fart* in his Pre-
 sence; for the Ladies have no con-
 veniencies of Retirement, but what
 lye so open, that if a Man has not
 the *Modesty* to turn his Head he must
 be forc'd to make himself an Eye
 Witness of their *Hasty Motions*; for
 they have no where to Walk but
 within sight; and can neither *Quat*
 nor *Stoop* to gather up a *Dazy*, but an
 unmannerly *Rake* may have the Plea-

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sure of the Prospect. The only Diversions the *Wells* afford are *Walking* and *Talking*; for the *Conversation* that you there meet with, are generally as free as the *Common*, so that you may enjoy either, till you are tir'd with both, and dully Repeat the same over so often, till you are quite Surfeited.

When, according to Custom, I had wash'd my Guts as clean as any *Fee-Lane Tripe*, just ready for the *Frying-Pan*, and my empty *Stomach*, much better than my *Watch*, Inform'd me that 'twas Dinner time, I turn'd a-fore Backside, occasion'd by much Purging, upon the *Wells*, and return'd home to my Lodging, as Hungry as a *Greyhound* after a *Mornings Courting*, where I found, just ready to take up from the Fire, such a Charming *Shoulder* of right *Bagshot Mutton*, that had King *Charles* the Second been alive, the *Mutton Loving Monarch*, would have left the Company of either *Nell Gwin*, or the *Dutches of Portsmouth*, to have gratify'd his Princely Appetite with so Dilectable a Banquet. For in short, had *Heliogabolus* been there, he would have

have thought it a Feast for an Emperour; as I lik'd it wonderfully, so I fell on unmercifully, and found not a Minutes Leisure to think of Drinking, till I had Eat an Hour by the Clock, and had Strengthen'd *Nature* with such an Extravagant Meal, that would have startled a *Plowman*, had he been by, to have seen himself so out-done by a *Gentleman*.

Having thus, *Glutton* like, Eat my self into a Drowsie Condition, by Vertue of the *Waters*, whose chiefest Excellence is to create an Appetite, I was glad, after Dinner, to betake my self to the *Spanish* Custom of *Dormoiz*, which mispent time I atton'd for, when I wak'd, with three or four Hours Beneficial Study, till the heat of the Day was so far over that Walking became *Pleasant*; and then shaking off the *Stoical Temper*, which had before posselt me, I quitted my *Chamber*, and had recourse again to the same *Grotto*, where my *Ears* as well as *Eyes*, had been so Pleasantly Entertain'd the foregoing Evening, hoping that the two Young Ladies, according to
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their Agreement, would give me a Second Opportunity of Blessing my *Attention* with a little more of their Charming *Eloquence*, that I might make a further Discovery of the Innocent *Conceptions*, which the *Fair-Sex*, thro' their *Modesty*, Conceal to themselves in common Conversation.

I had not been long Obscurely plac'd in my former *Umbrage*, but, according to my hopes, the two Beautiful Young Damsels, very busie in Discourse, made their gentle Approaches, and coming to the same place, with which they were before Delighted, down they sat upon the yielding Grass, and with an Innocent Freedom presently enter'd upon the following Discourse.

DIALOGUE II.

BETWEEN

ELIZA and MARIANA,

*Shewing the Power of Love, and
the difference between Love and
Lust.*

Eliza.

SINCE we were talking of the unaccountable force of *Humane Passions*; methinks, Cousin, nothing can seem more strange to un-experienc'd *Innocence*, than the Power of *Love*. That there should be such a *Basilisk* Nature in both Sexes as to Poison one another with their *Looks*, seems very wonderful; but that they do it nothing is more certain; for 'tis agreed, on all Hands, that

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Love first enters in at the *Eyes* before it can reach the *Heart*.

Mariana. To be sure the *Sight* is the *Sense* that Communicates the *Object* to the *Brain*; but I believe the *Ideas* that we form in our own *Imaginations* are oftner the cause of our *Passions*, especially that of *Love*, than any real *Force* or *Influence* that is deriv'd from the outward *Object*. As for Example, viz. Should You or I take an extraordinary Liking to the Person of a Man at first Sight, who is an absolute Stranger to us, we should then be apt to form such an *Idea* of him, as would be most agreeable to our own *Dispositions*, that is, we should fancy him to be *Good Humour'd*, *Generous*, *Affable*, *Ingenious*, and every way *Quality'd*, according to our own *Conceptions* of him, which, without *Experience*, we take for granted, and by this means Nourish and Improve what was at first but a bare Liking to a *Passionate Love*, and so put our selves upon the Wrack for a Man, who, perhaps, when we come to know him better, is so far different from the *Partial Sentiments* we have fram'd of him, that

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that we discover him an *Ignorant, Unworthy, Proud, Profligate Wretch*: Then no sooner do we find our selves thus Foolishly disappointed, but we grow Angry with our selves for our own mistake; and changing our *Idea* into a truer Image of the same Person, we immediately turn our *Love* into an Irreconcilable *Aversion*.

Eliza. This is perfect *Philosophy*, and beyond my reach. I wonder, Cousin, how you come to Talk so knowingly of these Matters.

Mariana. To tell you the Truth on't; my Father was Discoursing, the other Night, with a Young Gentleman upon this very Subject, and so I happen'd luckily to remember this was a part of my Fathers Argument.

Eliza. But at this rate, Cousin, methinks they make *Mankind* a parcel of *Madfolks*, thus to fall in *Love* with their own Fancies, and even as great Fools as *Narcissus*, that Doted, like some of our *Modern Beaus*, upon his own Shadow. After all, I can never believe but *Men* Love *Women* for the Charms they really see in 'em, and that we Love *Men* for the very same reason, let Old Peevish *Philosophers* say what they will of the matter.

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Mariana. Indeed, Cousin, I cannot be of your mind; for, I dare Swear, when a *Woman* Loves a *Man*, it is not so much for what she sees, as for what she does not see; for, sure, no *Woman* covets to Marry a *Man* only to look at him; no doubt but she expects he should answer the good Opinion she has of him; or else, I believe, her *Love* would soon cool, and she would be heavily troubled to find herself disappointed; therefore, upon due Consideration, you will be under a Necessity to comply with my first Argument.

Eliza. I'll agree with you so far, that when a *Woman* Marries, to be sure she expects a *Man* should behave himself like a *Kind Husband*, that is, that he should do all that *Heaven* Obliges, *Nature* Directs, and the *Law* Requires.

Mariana. You say well; but suppose he should want either the *Will* or the *Capacity* to do what you expected, do you not think, as it would prove a great baulk to your *Hopes* and *Desires*, it would also be a great lessening to your *Affections*?

Eliza. Truly, to be free with you,
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I don't know but it might; for were I once Launch'd into the Stormy Sea of *Matrimony*, I should Love, now and then, to be Toss'd and Tumbled as well as the rest of my Neighbours; for as all *Maids*, I believe desire to be *Wives*, so all *Wives* desire to be *Mothers*, or otherwise they only Wed to answer the End of their *Lust*, and not of their *Creation*.

Mariana. Therefore still you are forc'd to own what you at first deny'd, (*viz.*) That a bare Liking of the Outward Object is improv'd into *Love* by our own *Desires* and *Conceits*, which is as soon extinguish'd when we find our selves disappointed; for you now seem to confess, that should your *Lover*, when made your *Bridegroom*, not answer your Expectation in coming up to the *Character* your own imagination had conceiv'd of him, you believe it would be a means to lessen your Esteem; therefore, consequently, we Love not a *Man* at first for what we really see in him. but for what we either desire or expect from him, and those *Appetites* are

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no more than the Effects of our own *Nature*, perhaps in some measure Excited by *Outwardly Objects*, but most commonly stir'd up and improv'd by the *Active Power* of our own *Imaginations*; so that the *Passion* of *Love* is chiefly from our selves, and not from others, and by us directed to such Persons as seem most agreeable to the Pictures we have drawn in our Thoughts, which are no more than the Youthful Pencilings of our own Amorous Fancies.

Eliza. Truly, Cousin, upon second Thoughts, I must acknowledge you in the right of it; for now I recollect my self, when I have met a handsome Gentleman in the Street, I have presently fancy'd him to be full of abundance of Qualifications, more than it was possible for my Eyes to discover in him, because they are able to discern nothing but the Superficies of the *Man*; notwithstanding which, I have conceiv'd such an extraordinary Opinion of him, that methoughts I could have lik'd him for a *Husband* above all the *Men* in the Universe; and yet the little Notice that I took of him was such,
that

that I believe I could scarce have known him again if I had met him a Week after. Therefore, as you say, I believe we are sometimes apt from the sight of one Object to form another in our Thoughts, and so Cheat our selves into a Passionate Desire of Substantially enjoying that which is but an imaginary Shadow, the meer Chimerical Off-spring of our own Teeming Fancy.

Mariana. I find, Lady, you begin to come too. I am glad I have convinc'd you, because I would not have you Obstinate in the maintainance of an Error, which at one time or other might have been the Cause of your Unhappiness.

Eliza. I am very well satisfy'd that I have alter'd my Opinion, but in Case I had not, I do not readily apprehend which way I could have been a Sufferer.

Mariana. Then, Cousin, you shall find I will make you sensible wherein. Should you be liable to mistake, your own Partial Notions that you conceive of any Gentleman, because you like his Figure (which is but his out-side) to be his real *Merit*, which

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is no more than your own fond Opinion, you must inevitably fall into these two Misfortunes. *First*, To deceive your self if you don't gain the Person you have so greatly over-valued, for the higher Estimate we place upon a Jewel, the more we Pine when we have lost it. And *Secondly*, In being deceiv'd by the Man you Love, in Case you do Marry him; for you may assure your self we always think better of those we Doat on than they deserve, and expect more from them, by way of Requital, than we ever shall find: Therefore its good to be sensible that we commonly ascribe more to those we Admire, than they are able to Merit, and that we are equally Extravagant in expecting more of them than we have Reason to hope for.

Elixa. I kindly thank you for the Satisfaction you have given me, I hope for the future I shall remember your Caution, and suffer not my Female Weakness, or the Indiscretion of my Sex, to steer me upon those Rocks you have so plainly discover'd to me. I perceive, Cousin, you are a perfect *Bellona*, that wears such Armour
against

against *Cupid's* Dart that renders your Breasts invulnerable.

Mariana. After all this Talk, Cousin, you may Err in your Opinion of me; for I dare not boast of being Shot-free, no more than the rest of my Fellow Creatures that Nature has Litted into Humane Service; but thus far I may venture to say for my self, (*viz.*) That I believe, whenever my Heart does give a Loose to the Infirmities of my Sex, I shall Ground my Affections upon a Reasonable bottom, and begin my Love at the right end.

Elixa. I do not well understand your meaning, pray be so kind as to explain your self, perhaps you may think the right end of Love is to begin in the middle.

Mariana. O fye, Cousin, you talk waggithly; if a Man should have heard such an Expression come out of a Ladies Mouth, what do you think he'd have thought of her?

Elixa. He'd have took me, perhaps, for a Buxom Lafs that wanted a Husband, but had not Patience to wait for one; however he'd have been mistaken. But this is Foreign from the

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the matter: Pray what did you mean by beginning your *Love* at the right end?

Mariana. I mean to know a Man rightly first, before I should be uneasy for him; and to be well assur'd he was worthy of my *Affections* before I'd give him my *Heart*; neither should his *Merits* alone entitle him to my *Love*, except he would endeavour to win me with all the Formalities of an *Amorous Siege*, and think it worth his while to *Conquer* as well as to *Possess*.

Eliza. But, pray, Cousin, what do you intend by knowing a Man well before you would Value him, so as to fix your *Heart* upon him? I thought *Love* had been an *Involuntary Passion*, not subject to the *Will*, and therefore not liable to be govern'd at *Discretion*. I thought we never Lov'd by *Choice*, but by *Chance*, and, therefore, when the Fit comes upon us, we are forc'd to *endure* it because we cannot *help* it.

Mariana. You have hit the Opinion of some *Easie Tempers*, who are so very *Soft*, and so mighty *Amorous*, that they cannot see any thing

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that's pritty, but they must presently Long for it, and these are the *Luxurious Lovers* that were the first Contrivers of the Argument you have urg'd, as an Excuse for the looseness of their *Appetites*; so that when ever they suffer their *Vicious Affections*, or *Ungovernable Desires* to hurry them beyond the Bounds of *Justice, Reason, Law, Honour, or Conscience*, they presently charge the Fault upon either *Heaven or Nature*, for making them subject to that unruly Passion, *Love*, too powerful to be Limited by any *Rules*, or Controul'd by *Humane Reason*. So that when their *Lust* leads them to *Unjustifiable Courtship*, in order to crack a *Commandment* out of the Pale of the *Church*, to Debauch another Mans *Wife*, to Corrupt a near *Relation*; nay, even to Commit *Incest* it self, 'tis but pretending *Love*, and that, to be an Involuntary Passion, above the Power of the *Will*, and the Government of *Reason*, and it serves as a plausible Excuse for all *Amorous Pursuits*, tho' never so *Adulterous*: For this is the Wicked Inference they draw from their Wild Notions. How can a Man be justly

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blam'd for Loving where he cannot help it, or be reasonably condemn'd for accomplishing that end, without which he could never have been Happy.

Eliza. Then you think *Lust* frequently puts on the Disguise of *Love*, and that the *Wolf* often makes his Application in *Sheeps Cloathing*.

Mariana. Nothing more common among the *Male-Sex*. For let their Designs upon a *Woman* be never so *Uicious* or *Unlawful*, they are all Couch'd under the pretence of *Love*, without which they can never handsomely introduce an Intrigue, especially with a Lady that has any Value for her *Reputation*. A Man seldom covets the Company of any *Woman*, but in order to *Marry*, or do *Worse*; therefore let it be which way it will, *Love* must still be the subject: For how strangely would it look for a Man to ask a Lady *What News from Catalonia*? Or to enter upon some *Scholastick Topick*, beyond the reach of her Understanding.

Eliza. That's true: But if a Mans Design be only *Lustful*, and his Pretence *Honourable Love*, how shall a
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Woman do to discover the *Falacy*, that she may avoid the *Evil*, by shunning the *Temptation*?

Mariana. I must confess, it is something difficult. For tho' *Love* and *Lust* are as contrary in their Natures as *Vice* and *Vertue*, yet they so nearly resemble one another, at first Sight, that it would sometimes puzzle a Lady of good Experience to distinguish them, tho' Opposites: But however, to the best of my Judgment, I will make you sensible of the difference, and how you shall know them assunder, tho' never so disguis'd.

Eliza. Pray, Cousin, do, and I shall be much oblig'd to you.

Mariana. An Honourable *Love* always puts on the Habit of the strictest *Vertue*. Whoever approaches you with such a real Passion in his Heart, Salutes you with all the shews of *Humility*, *Modesty* and *Respect* imaginable, will be fearful to entertain you with any *Loose*, or *Unbecoming Freedom*, either in *Word* or *Action*; you will discern in his very Looks that he is aw'd by your *Presence*, and that he dare not attempt any thing, but what's consistent with the most re-

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Female Grievances. 93

serv'd *Chastity*, lest he should Rashly forfeit your *Good Opinion*, which he is labouring to gain, and so be utterly Banish'd from that *Paradise* which he Admires so much, and hopes to Enjoy for ever.

Eliza. Thank you, Cousin, this is very Informing, and equally Delightful. But still, methinks, you have not fully told me how we shall know when a *Man Loves in Jest*, and only Labours to gain that by *Stratagem*, which ought to be Surrender'd upon no other Terms than *Matrimonial Articles*.

Mariana. I'll tell you; he that fancies a *Womans Beauty*, and only Courts her in order to make an *Inglorious Conquest* over *Female Innocence*, to basely satisfy his *Lubidinous Appetite*, let him disguise his *Ill Design* with the most formal pretences of an *Honourable Esteem* imaginable, yet the very manner of his *Address*, if you Observe but the Rules I give you, will soon betray his Project; for *Lust*, tho' it often goes Drest up like *Love*, yet, when once you are Taught to know the Marks of the *Beast*, you will easi-

ly discover him before he can have Power to hurt you.

Eliza. Pray, Cousin, how?

Mariana. I am about to Inform you. In the first Place, if ever, in Private, he breaks the Bounds of *Modesty*, in attempting to entertain your Ears with any *Loose Intrigue*, or to warm your Cheeks with any *Lushious Levity*, you may be sure he is only preparing you for an *Ill Purpose*, and endeavouring to infect you with the same *Itch* that himself is Plagu'd with, so that you may stand the Quieter to be Rub'd: If he boldly takes the freedom to handle your *Breasts*, he is then feeling your *Pulse*, and if he finds you will bear such Liberties, without Reproof, he thinks they are good Encouragements to assure him of a *Conquest*: If he tickles your Palms, or squeezes your Hand with an unusual Familiarity, you should take it as an Earnest of his more Obscene Intentions when Opportunity Favours: If he Tongues you when he Kisses, 'tis an Argument of his *Lust*, and that he never intends to make a *Woman* his *Bride* that he uses so *Immodestly*.

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For Men, tho' Wicked themselves, will never Defile those they mean to Marry, with *Lewd Practices*, but Love to bring them to their Beds, if possible, as *Innocent* as *Angels*. Therefore never think that a *Man* designs *Honestly*, when he Treats you *Disbonourably*; or that he intends to use you *Well* in the end, that shows *Ill Signs* in the beginning; but remember, when ever you find he betrays his *Modesty*, that it is high time for you to suspect his *Integrity*: For *Lust* is a *Catching Flame*, and not to be Sported with, lest at last you are Trapan'd and Ruin'd, like the *Moth* by the *Candle*.

Eliza. Upon my Word, Cousin, your kind Instructions will make a perfect *Love Sophistress* of me; I should never need fear the Subtilties of the *Male Sex*, if I could but always remember the *Good Advice* you have given me. But, pray Cousin, tell me how many sorts of *Love* there are properly between the two *Sexes*, I mean not *Paternal*, *Filial*, *Religious*, or *Moral Love*, but the different kinds of *Love* that *Man* and *Woman* bear to each other, in

respect to *Humane Generation*, and all the other *Carnal Felicities* that they propose therein.

Mariana. I am not Learn'd enough to give you all the Nice Distinctions you may perhaps expect of me: But, however, to oblige you, I will give as good a Guess at the matter as my Reason will permit.

Eliza. Pray, Cousin, proceed; for, methinks, nothing can be more Entertaining than your pleasing Sentiments upon this Subject.

Mariana. According to my Notion of *Love*, there are Principally but three sorts, two of which are *Justifiable*, as the *Innocent Love* before *Marriage*, in order thereunto, and the *Conjugal Love* after, which preserves the Happiness of the *Matrimonial State*; the other *Unjustifiable*, which is a *Carnal or Lustful Love*, that proposes no other End but a *Lewd and Sinful Enjoyment* of each other.

Eliza. And which do you think are the most Powerful and Lasting of the three?

Mariana. *Conjugal Love* is the most Lasting, but the most Temperate; *Lustful Love* the most Violent, but the

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least Lasting; but our *Maiden Love* the most Dangerous if disappointed, because our *Innocence* is such, that we think nothing can repair the Blessings we have lost. —

Eliza. Then you think an *Honourable Love*, so vastly different from that which you term *Lust*, that they have no Relation to each other?

Mariana. The one is so *Sincere* and *Friendly*, and the other so *Base* and *Infamous*, and the Ends they propose so very different, that it is possible they may be harbour'd in one and the same Breast, without interfering with one another.

Eliza. That to me seems very unaccountable that either *Man* or *Woman* should Love one Person *Honourably*, and another *Lustfully* at the same time. I suppose that's your meaning?

Mariana. Yes, but it is not so strange as true; nothing ought to be urg'd against common Experience. I could give you several Instances to convince you that it may be so, but will only trouble you with one at present, which is very Remarkable, and by that time our *Domestick Occasions* will call us from our Solitude.

Female Observances.

An Ancient Gentleman, of a good Estate, being mightily tormented with a *Colts-Tooth* in his *Doat Age*, happening to fix his Decripp'd Fancy upon a Beautiful Young Gentlewoman, whom he prevail'd with, for the sake of a good Jointer, to become his *Bride*, in hopes to have Issue by her that might Inherit his Riches; but having quite exhausted his *Superannuated Strength* to no purpose, and at last despairing of Success from his further weak Endeavours, he Selected into his Favour a Handsome Young Gentleman, the Son of an Old Acquaintance, just come from his Travels, who had so greatly improved his *Natural Perfections* with all manner of Imbellishments, that he wanted nothing that could render him worthy of an *Universal Respect*. His *Carriage* was so Obliging, and his *Conversation* so Endeavouring, that he soon Charm'd the Old Gentleman to Adopt him his *Heir*, if he Dy'd without *Issue*; which, from his own Abilities he had but little Reason to expect. Whilst the Old *Husband* and the Young Gentleman continu'd in this Friendship, there arose an intimate Acquaintance

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Acquaintance between the *Favourits* and the *Lady*, who having been Play Fellows, when Children, and by reason of their Parity in Years, us'd, tho' an *Honest*, yet a *Suspected* kind of *Familiarity*, insomuch, that by Malicious Tongues, it was improv'd into a *Calumny*, which passing from one Neighbour to another, arriv'd at length to the Ears of the Young Gentleman's Father, who, chusing an Opportunity to talk to his Son, demanded of him, *How that Fire was at first kindled, from whence this Smoke arose?* The Son, notwithstanding the most convincing Protestations of his own *Innocence*, in which he Derogated nothing from the *Truth*, yet was he strictly commanded by his Father, to prevent all further *Rumour* and *Aspersions*, to forbear the Occasion, and withdraw himself from the House, as he tendered the Blessing of his Aged Father; to which severe Imposition the Dutiful Young Gentleman very Modestly Assented, tho' with some Reluctancy. For you must understand, tho' no unseemly Freedom had ever pass'd betwixt him and the Young Lady, yet many

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Friendly Courtesies, had interchangably pass'd, as well as *Private Discourses*, insomuch that walking together one Day in the Garden, he press'd her to know if it should please God to call her Husband aside, who, by the Course of Nature, was unlikely to live long, to whom, among all the Gentlemen of her Acquaintance, she was most willing to dispose of herself? To which Question she very readily answer'd, *That tho' she wish'd her Aged Husband Long Life and Happiness, yet, if it should please God to lay the Cross of Widowhood upon her, she would sooner bestow her Youth and Fortune upon him, if he thought it worth his Acceptance, than any Man upon Earth:* Which kind Expression, at his Request, she bound with a Protestation, imposing another upon him, (*viz.*) *That till the time of her Widowhood, he should neither Associate himself Privately, nor Contract Matrimony with any Woman whatsoever; nor that he should offer any Immodest Freedom to herself, during the whole Course of their Acquaintance.* These Articles of Friendship being so thoroughly Settled, and Confirm'd between them, caus'd the

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Fathers Injunction to sit a little uneasie upon the Young Gentlemans Stomach: However, his Obedience so far prevail'd, that he resolv'd his Love should not gain the Mastership of his Duty.

The good Old Husband being wholly a Stranger to the Cause of his Favourite's Absence, began to wonder at the reason of the discontinuance of his Visits, and sent several Messages to Invite him to his House; but still the Young Gentleman, by Civilly returning some Plausible Answer, Evaded his going. At length, Riding out to a Market-Town, that lay about an equal distance between both Families, he chanc'd to meet with a Chamber-Maid that belong'd to his Betrothed Lady; Glad of such an Opportunity to convey his Respects, he Saluted her with a Compliment, and Invited her to his Inn, to drink a Glass of Wine, which with a seeming Coyness, she at last Consented to accept of: By that time he had ask'd her how all did at Home, and the Maid had told him how Surprizing his Strangeness was to her Master and Mistress, and

and all the whole Family, they were come to the *Inn*, where, being show'd into a Room, after the Glass had paid a little freely from one to t'other, they began to enter into a more Familiar Chat, her Mistress having made her a Confident in all matters of *Importance*. The Gentleman, fearing the Maid, from the Report that was scatter'd, might suspect a Dishonourable Familiarity betwixt him and her Lady, began to speak mighty Respectfully of the Old Gentleman, her Master, extolling his Happiness in a Wife, whose *Excellencies* he applauded, and particularly her *Vertues*, Launching out into very Extravagant Encomiums of her *Chastity* and *Reservedness*, which, he protested, he believ'd was equal to the *Purity* of an *Angel*. The Maid Smiling, told him, to his great Surprise, *That she was not Ignorant of the great Affection and Respect her Mistress had for him above all Men Living, but yet she could tell him a Story that would make his Ears Glow, if he would Vow Privacy in the matter.* The Gentleman eager to know the Secret, soon comply'd with the
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Maids Terms; upon which she thus proceeded.

Notwithstanding the Love my Lady bears you, and the perpetual Friendship she has Contracted with you, yet I can assure you, of my own Knowledge, there is a certain Gentleman of your Acquaintance, that, by my Assistance, is often received at Midnight into her Bed-Chamber, and has free Access, when ever he pleases, to her Carnal Embraces; therefore I thought it pitty so worthy a Gentleman as your self should be so greatly deceiv'd by the Shadow of a False Woman, whilst another, not half so deserving as your self, should, at all Opportunities, be admitted to Feast upon the Substance; and therefore resolv'd with my self, when occasion fairly happen'd, to acquaint you with the matter. The Gentleman, half confounded at so odd a Story, was Importunate to know who was his Rival, but the Maid desir'd to be excus'd in that particular, saying, That she would not Nominate the Person for fear of Bloodshed.

The Young Gentleman pausing upon this startling Report, knew not what to think, nor what to answer; at last, waking out of his Dream, he

he thank'd the Maid for her Kindness, but withal told her, *He had not Power to believe her Relation, for that the many Experiments himself had made of her Ladies Modesty, was to him a sufficient Confirmation of her Unspotted Vertue:* To which the Wench answer'd, *I have only done the Office of a Friend, and if it is not so receiv'd as to gain that Credit which the Truth deserves, if you are further deceiv'd, you may thank your self, after so kind a Caution;* So rising from her Seat she took a Civil Leave, and bid the Gentleman farewell; who, being almost Distracted with a Thousand strange Cogitations, had no way left to compose the quiet of his Breast, but to suffer his Love to prevail above his Jealousie, and to make the best Construction, on behalf of his Dear Mistress, that his Genius could Invent. Amongst the rest of his Conceits he began to think that the Maid might be in Love with him, and had contrived this Stratagem to lessen his Affections, and to break off all Correspondence between him and her Lady, which she had good Reason to think, from
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his long Absence, was now declining, so that by these means, he at last so far Conquer'd all doubt of his Friends *Honour* and *Integrity*, that he was thoroughly resolv'd not to believe any thing of the matter, till he should be further satisfy'd by more Convincing Evidence; not knowing but the Maid might take some Displeasure at her Lady, so Scandaliz'd her *Vertue* out of meer *Revenge*.

The good Old Husband, by this time, by some means or other, being made sensible that the Absence of his Adopted *Favourite*, was owing to the Commands of his Father, sent a Private Letter to the Young Gentleman, where he express'd abundance of *Friendship* and *Affection* for him, telling him, *He wanted greatly to see him, just to ask him a few Questions about a Private Affair, not fit to be Communicated, either by Servant or Letter; and that if he was fearful his coming would disoblige his Father, if he pleas'd to give him Notice what Night he would pay him a Visit, about Ten or Eleven of the Clock, he would order it so, by the means of a Trusty Servant, that he should*

should be brought Incognito into the Little Parlour, where he would be ready to receive him, so that there should be no danger of its coming to his Fathers Ear.

The Young Gentleman well considering the present Kind Letter, and the former Kind Promises of his Old Friend, thought it the Wisest way to run the hazard of Disobliging his Father, rather than the Danger of losing a Good Estate, so resolv'd to gratifie the Old Gentlemans Request; and accordingly sent him Word, *He would certainly be at his Gate about Eleven a Clock the next Night, where he would wait the coming of his Servant to Conduct him to his Presence;* which Satisfactory Answer was highly Welcome to his Affectionate Old Friend, who, pursuant to Appointment, order'd every thing at the time, in a Convenient Readiness for his Private Reception.

The *Punctual Favourite* keeping Nicely to his Hour, was secretly admitted, according to his Wishes, without the least Notice, by the Care and Management of a *Trusty Servant*, and after a great many Kind and Friend-

ly Expressions of Affection, Reverence, and Gratitude, between them, they supped, and then the Lady soon came, and sat at the Table, and desired no more to enter the Obedience, something willingly long mans Prevalence Cause protected Report He be that not in to sumish Malice to E or da Bright

ly Expressions, becoming the *Paternal Affection* of the one, and the *Filial Reverence* of the other, had pass'd between 'em, a pretty inviting light Supper was brought In, suitable to the lateness of the Night, which was soon dispatch'd, the Cloth remov'd, and a Bottle of Wine set upon the Table, and then the Servant was order'd to avoid the Room, which was no sooner done, but they began to enter upon a Familiar Chat, and tho' the Old Gentleman had before heard something of the matter, yet he was willing to have the Reason of his long Absence from the Young Gentlemans own Mouth; who, scorning to Prevaricate, Ingeniously told him the Cause, without the least Diminution, protesting with all Sincerity, that the Report was Groundless; telling him, *He believ'd his Lady was a Woman of that Impregnable Vertue, that it was not in the Power of Humane Nature to sully her Charms, or add one Blemish to her Innocence; and that even Malice it self was not Black enough to Eclipse the least of her Perfections, or darken with its thickest Clouds the Brightness of her Excellencies: For* that

that he never had the Impudence to conceive otherwise of her, than that she had the Beauty of a Cherubim, and the Chastity of an Angel, and that she would sooner endure a Wrack, than Defile her Charms with Infamy.

This open and sincere Declaration, after the manner it was spoke, was very satisfactory to the Old Gentleman, who, tho' he was Master of a pleasant pretty Spot, which as he thought, lay *Fallow*, yet he was unwilling any Body should have the *Ploughing* on't, without Leave, tho' himself was past his Labour. The Husband highly pleased with the Protestations the Young Gentleman had made of his *Innocence*, greatly commended him for his Care, in preserving, by his *Absence*, the Reputation of his Family; and told him, *Tho' he was out of his Sight, he should never be out of his Mind; and that whenever he Died, he would leave a Will behind him that should recompence his Prudence.* By this time the lateness of the Night call'd the Old Man to his Bed, who, by reason of the *Infirmities* of his *Age*, lay apart from his Lady. The Young Gentleman was Usher'd to

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to a little *By-Chamber*, to take a Nap till Day break, which Room happen'd to be at the Foot of a back Pair of Stairs that led a Private way to the Ladies Chamber. In the Dead of the Night, when all things were in silence, the Young Gentleman Meditating upon his past *Happiness*, and having, by his *Love*, Conquer'd all manner of *Jealousie* and *Suspicion*, he resolv'd once more to Visit the Place where he had so often enjoy'd the *Coverſation* of his *Angel*, tho' always *Honestly* and *Modestly*, accordingly he steals softly up Stairs, and listening at the Chamber Door, before he would presume to Knock, fancy'd that he heard a soft Whispering, which growing louder, he perfectly distinguish'd two Voices, one besides his Mistress, which he knew to be a Gentleman of his Intimate Acquaintance. This surprizing Accident prevented the *Excluded Lover* from giving his Accustomary Signal, so that waiting at the Door, to make a farther Discovery, he at last, as far as Ears could Judge, heard an *Adulterous Familiarity* pass between them, and being then fully satisfy'd
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in all particulars, he return'd gently to his Room; so highly enrag'd at the *Treachery* of his Mistress, that taking up his Sword, he was sometimes resolv'd to break open the Door, and Revenge the *Injury* upon the Blood of the *Adulterers*: But then again, recollecting the horrid Sin of *Murder*, and the Infamy of making himself a *Personal Executioner*, his better Judgment over-ballanc'd his *Passion*, and with-held his Hand from such a *Butchery* Undertaking; so making himself ready he unbolted a Back-Door, and with this unhappy Secret Burning in his Breast, made the best of his way to his Fathers House, where Pondering at large with himself, the greatness of the Abuse, which was beyond Example, and the strictness of his *Oath*, which not only debar'd him of *Marriage*, but Banish'd him from the Society of all other *Women*. Considering also that she only reserved him as an Umbrage for her future *Wickedness*, and basely Cheated him with the *Shadow*, whilst another Enjoy'd the *Substance*; keeping herself to be his *Wife*, and anothers *Whore*. And that he Labour'd under

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a great difficulty, by reason of his Protestations to come off towards *God* like a *Christian*, and towards *Her* like a *Gentleman*. All these Injuries and Hardships, joyntly consider'd drove him into a deep *Melancholly*; that *Melancholly* into a doubtful *Sickness*, and that *Sickness* into a dangerous *Distraction*; but at last, after his Life had for some time been very much fear'd, by the help of a Careful and Eminent *Physician*, he was both Restor'd to his Health, and Recover'd of his Senses, so that at length, being thoroughly Re-inflated in his former Strength, both of Mind and Body, he resolv'd to Travel a second time, purposing never more to Visit his *Native Country*, that had given Birth to such an *Unnatural Monster*. But before his departure his Old Friend, the Husband, hearing what he intended, sent for him to his House, that he might take an unwilling leave of his Adopted Son and *Favourite*. This Request being back'd with the Commands of his own Father he was forc'd to submit, and bear him Company thither, where he knew he should be under a Necessity

Necessity of once more taking a displeasing View of his Treacherous Mistress.

Upon the Day appointed, they paid their Visit to the Old Gentleman, who gave both *Father* and *Son* a Heartly Welcome to a Noble Entertainment; expressing, withal, a very deep Concern that he should lose his *Favourite*, who excus'd his Resolution by pretending, *As he had for most part of his time been bred in Foreign Climates, he was assur'd another Voyage would be much for his Health, which was the chief reason that perswaded him to take a second Ramble.* This plausible pretence made all sides the more easie; but himself that knew better where the *Viper* knaw'd, seem'd very uneasie and impatient all the Dinner time, which was chiefly attributed to his unwillingness of Parting with so many good Friends, that were at present about him, tho' his Sadness was meerly Grounded upon his *Scyphax's* Impudence.

At last the time of Parting growing near, the Lady watches an Opportunity, and singles out her *Second*, for the satisfaction of a Farewel, Weep-

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ing in his *Bosom*, Wringing him by the *Hand*, Hugging him by the *Waste*, Beseeching him to have a care of his *Safety*, and especially to be mindful of those *Vows* and *Promises* that had pass'd between 'em, which, on her side, in his Absence, should be Inviolably preserved. Managing all these shews of Kindness with such an Exquisite *Passion*, that he began almost to question the Truth of what he knew to be Infallible. He could not turn so great a *Hypocrite* as to make her a Suitably Reply; but deliver'd to her a Letter, which he entreated her to peruse in his Absence; telling her, *She would find therein his Mind fully express'd*: Their Privacy being now interrupted, they were forc'd to joyn the Company; so after a little more time was spent a Solemn Leave was taken, and the Father with his Son return'd Home.

No sooner were they gone, but the Lady, expecting a kind *Paper-Cardial*, retir'd into her Closet to Comfort her drooping Spirits, under the unhappy deprivation of her Beloved's Company; but opening the Letter, instead of *Love Assurances*, finds a

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Palpable Detection of her *Treacherous Adultery*, Personally Discover'd by himself, the Place where, with whom, the time when, the very Words whisper'd, with many other undeniable Circumstances; and every thing express'd with such a *Passionate Efficacy*, that suddenly Reflecting on her own *Shameful Liberties*, the *Wrongs* she had done her *Husband*, and the unpardonable *Injuries* she had done to so Deserving a *Gentleman*, so Vertuous a *Lover*, and so Faithful a *Friend*, one that Valu'd her above *Earth*, and Ador'd her next to *Heaven*, she was Instantly struck with such an Insupportable *Grief* for her *Sinful Treachery* and *Ingratitude*, that in her *Passion* she expir'd with the Letter in her Hand, which, when she was found Dead, was perus'd by her *Sorrowful Husband*, who, with his Aged Eyes, equally Lamented the *Follies* of her *Life*, and the *Suddenness* of her *Death*.

This Unhappy News soon reaching the Ears of her *Surviving Lover*, who finding himself now releas'd of all his intricate *Vows* and *Promises*, stop'd his Journey; and declaring

to the Circumstances he was Noble Establish'd that his whole day, and together

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Female Grievances. 73

to the Old Gentleman the particular Circumstances of the whole Matter. he was highly Commended for his *Noble Disposition*; and so firmly Re-Establish'd in his Old Friends Favour, that he gave him, at his Death, his whole Estate, which he enjoys to this day, and, in my Opinion, not altogether undeservedly.

Elixa. This is the most Remarkable Story that ever I heard, and sufficiently proves, That it is possible at one, and the same time, to Love one Person *Vertuously*, and another *Lustfully*: It hath fully Answer'd the End to which you us'd it; and I thank you for your pretty Entertainment.

Mariana. I am glad I could Oblige you. Hark! there is some Body coming this way; let us Walk off, and defer our further Chat till to Morrow in the Evening.

The Fair *Instructress* and her Charming *Pupil* being March'd off, I soon follow'd: Being so very much Delighted with the pretty *Objects* I had seen, and the *Love Doctrine* I had heard, that as long as I found they continued their *Evening Conferences*,

I was resolv'd they should never want my Company, tho' unknown. So pleasing my self with the Remembrance of the *Dialogue* I had heard, I took a Circuit round the Fields and Steer'd Home to Supper.

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INTRODUCTION

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THE next Morning, being
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stomary Walk to the *Wells*,
amidst such a Perambulating Train
of *Loose Gowns* and *Nightrails*, that
I had much ado to forbear think-
ing, from the Earliness of the Hour,
that some of the Coupled *Lovers*
had been taking a Nights Lodging
under some of the *Hedges*, in order
to Cool their *Affections*; for some
Gap'd and Yawn'd, and others
stretch'd their Arms, and look'd so
Drowsily, as if their last Nights *Plea-
sures* had so Rob'd them of their
Rest; that they Walk'd in Pain, for
want of a little Sleep to Refresh their

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Limbs, which they had tir'd with their *Pastimes*. As I was thus making my self *Merry* with my own *Thoughts*, being just Enter'd upon the *Common*, and stroling a little out of the *Publick Path*, for the sake of a Walk that was more *Private* and *Solitary*: Being got among a parcel of *Brakes* and *Fuzzes*, I happen'd to stumble upon a *Wallet*, and something wrap'd up in it, that made it appear as bulky as a full *Sack*; being Curious to discover what *Pig* in a *Poke* I had thus by Accident met with, I kick'd it gently with my *Toe*, which I had no sooner done, but out peeps a *Demorgorgon's Head* at one end, with wiry *Black Hair* Curling about her *Face*, like the *Periwig* of *Snakes*, commonly worn by *Medusa*; with a *Saffron-Colour'd Coif* on, no bigger than a *Skull-Cap*, Pin-ed on under her *Chin* with a dirty *Stay*, such as are worn by old *Nurses* to keep them from being *Jaw-fallen*; her *Skin* look'd as *Yellow* as a *Turmerick-Pudding*; her *Eyes* were as *Black* as *Sea-Cole*, and as big as *Apricocks*, which she rowl'd at me so Earnestly and so Angerly, that

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I thought she would have *Bewitch'd*, or have *Bedevil'd* me with the very first Glance. Z——ds, said I, with fear and trembling, what art thou for a Fury? To which she reply'd, *Me do you no harm, let us alone, we no disturb you.* Hearing her speak broken *English*, and in the *Plural Number*, I began to look about me, and then, at a little distance one from another, I saw several more row'd up in Blankets after the same manner. In the Name of God, said I, as if I had been speaking to the Devil. Who, or what are you? With that another *Frowzy Monster* peep'd her Head out of a Bag, and cry'd, *God a bless you, Master, cross a my Hand with a piece of Silver, and me tell a you your Fortune.* A Pox take you, said I, for a parcel of *Gipsie Whores*, I was never so frightened in my Life. I thought, at first, that *Hell* had been broke loose, and that I had tumbled into the Company of a parcel of *Roasted Devils*, for their Skins look'd like the Crackling of a *Bartholomew-Fair Pig*, and when they spoke, their Breaths stunk worse of *Garlick* and *Orenoko*, than a *Highland Scotchmans*.

I held my Nose, and step'd Nim-
bly from amongst 'em, fearing they
should open their *Mantles*, and In-
vade my Nostrils with more *Poison-
ous Scents*, than ever were let fly
from the Curied Box of *Pandora*. I
had not been gone from them above
fifty Yards, but the Word *Surge*
was given by the *Lord High Cham-
berlain* of the *Gang*, and up they all
started in an Instant, as if they
had just risen out of their *Graves*, in
the very *Woollen Sbrouds* that they
were first Bury'd in; and after a
short Consultation, I suppose, about
what Course to steer, they put them-
selves in order for their March, and
as *Wild Geese* fly one after another,
so they Troop'd off in a long
Train, according to the following
Description.

At the Head of this Stroling Fa-
mily of *Love*, walk'd a Lusty Black
Fellow in a Soldiers Coat, (I suppose
the Stallion of the Tribe) who stalk'd
along before his *Female Scare-Crows*,
like a *Dunghill Cock*, leading his *Se-
raglio* of *Frizzl'd Cacklers* to the next
Muckbill; after him came the Old
Grandame of the *South-Saying Family*,

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with a *Steeple Crown'd Hat* on her *Predicting Noddle*, covering as many *Weather-beaten Furrows* in her *Wrinkled Face* as ever were seen in an *Acre* of *Plough'd Land*, at her *Back* a *Wardrobe* of *Travelling Necessaries*, and in her *right Hand* a *huge Pair* of *Spectacles*, ready to mount upon the *Bridge* of her *Nose* to discern the *Lines* of the next *Fools Hand* that should cross hers with a piece of *Silver*, she had nothing but her *Shoulder Baggage* that made her look like a *Gipsie*; for her *Dress* was more like a *Mother Damnable's*, that *Sells Penny Pots of Ale* at the *Fag End* of a *Country Corporation*.

At the *Heels* of her came a *huge Strammeling Female Furiosa*, that look'd as *Lazy* and as *Louie* as a *She French Protestant* just *Landed*; her *Face* was such an *ill Shapen Reverse* of all *Simetry*, that every *affrightening Feature* was a piece of *Stupendous Uglinefs*; at her *Back*, in a *Waller*, she had *three Children*, which, if they were her own, must certainly be *Begot* by the *Devil*; for surely the most *Raging Lust* that ever boild in *Humane Veins* could never provoke a

Man that had his Eyes, to commit *Carnal Copulation* with such an *Infernal Succubus*, tho' thus much in Justice I must say in her behalf, (*viz.*) That she was no Lover of a Draggl'd Tail, for the longest of her Petticoats reach'd not to her Knees, so that she could not stoop but she must fright the Standers by with the terrible Appearance of her *Criniferous Bugbear*.

The next that follow'd was a Young Saffron Colour'd Witch, with two Children at her Back, and another in her Belly, who, by leaning forward of her Head, kept her Body in so true a Poise 'twixt both her Burthens, that she jutt'd along as Nimble, and look'd as Chearfully, as if she was running away from a Surly Husband, to a Good Humour'd Gallant, seeming as well contented in her Fortune-Telling Rags, as if she'd had an Indian Mine, as a hidden Reserve, beneath her Tatter'd Petticoats.

After her came a Boy about Fourteen Years of Age, with his Campaign Bedding at his Back, who look'd in the Face like a Water-Lane Bastard, that had been Train'd up from his Cradle in the dark Mystery of Di-

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ving, and had Practic'd his Trade so long in *Pauls Church*, under the Directions of his Tutor, that he had made himself such a Master of his Art in his *Minority*, that he was now thought Qualify'd to Exercise his Calling in any Ground in *England*; and was therefore sent abroad to pick up the Pence, and (Artist like) improve his Talent by his Travels.

The Rear was brought up by a Couple of pretty little *Female Mopsies*, about Six or Seven Years of Age, very Decently Habited, Gloves upon their Hands, and their Complexions unchang'd, with *Straw-Bonnets* upon their Heads to keep their Skins from Tanning; and indeed, were all over so Handsomely Equip'd, that had they not been Daggl'g at the Heels of such a *Stigmatiz'd Crew* of *Yellow Jaundice Vagabonds*, they might have pass'd very well for a Couple of pretty little *Misses*.

I was both pleas'd and amus'd at this unaccustomary Sight. But how such a Family of *Vagrants* could Travel the Countries with security from the Punishment of the *Laws*, or what measures they could take to
subsist

subſiſt themſelves in their Journey, I could not imagine, except by the Clandefſtine Practices of ſome uncommon Villany that the Country People were as yet Strangers to; as by taking off Baſtard Children that are Born in Private, carrying Letters of *Intrigue*, diſpatching ſecret *Intelligence*, or the like; for methinks it is impoſſible for them to live upon *Theft*, becauſe they Travel ſo openly, or upon Telling *Fortunes*, becauſe the Cheat of that has been ſo much exploded. So, not knowing what to think of them, I baniſh'd them my Thoughts, and left them to their own Wickedneſs.

From thence I Walk'd down to the *Wells*, where finding nothing this Morning that was worth my Obſervation, as ſoon as I had waſh'd away the Victuals I had Eat the Day before, I Walk'd Home to my Lodging to Replenish my Empty Guts, that the Waters might have ſomething to Work upon the next Morning: No ſooner had I deſtroy'd that Greedy Worm, *Hunger*, which lay knawing of my Bowels, but in Reading, Walking, and other Exerciſe, I ſpent ſuch a part of the Afternoon, that render'd

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der'd it high time for me to have Recourse to my wonted Place of Obscurity, lest the Ladies should get the start of me, and by that means have spoiled my Evenings Diversion. Thus the fear of a Disappointment made me Walk hastily to my Stand, where I had not been Posted above three Minutes, but the Ladies follow'd, and according to their Custom, sat themselves down upon a Green Bank, where they soon enter'd into the following Discourse, whilst I, with abundance of Satisfaction, reap'd the Benefit of their Talk unken.

DIALOGUE III.

BETWEEN

ELIZA and MARIANA,

How to discern when a Man or Woman is in Love, tho' they endeavour to hide it; and if they pretend Love, whether it be Real or Deceitful.

Eliza.

MEthinks, Cousin, it is an unaccountable *Bashfulness* that Young Persons of both Sexes, as I have heard, are often Subject to, which is, That tho' they are so deeply in *Love*, that they cannot rest in their Beds, yet they will conceal their Passions to themselves, and never so much as talk a Word of *Love*.

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Love, even to the Object of their Affections, but Pine and Whine, and Languish after a Person, who, perhaps, would be equally glad to join Giblets with them, if the first Lover would but discover their Minds.

Mariana. The *Modesty* you speak of is very apt to attend *Virgin Love*, and is chiefly owing to this Reason, (*viz.*) We are Subject in our *Innocence*, that is, when we first fall in Love, to conceive so high an Opinion of the Object we admire, that we are apt to Elevate them in our Thoughts above the pitch of *Humane Nature*, and fancy 'em to be all *Divine*, their *Perfections Heavenly*, their *Wisdom Infallible*, their *Disposition Angelick*; then, Conscious of our own *Infirmities*, we look upon our selves with a *Contemptible Eye*, and so conceit our selves unworthy of their *Affections*, upon whom we Doat. Thus, from Magnifying the Merits of those we Love, and Lessening our own to a Deminutive Degree, we become *Cowardly* and *Bashful*, and feed our selves with nothing but *Diffidence* and *Despair*; and, for want of *Courage*, rather submit to our *Miseries*

ries than pursue our *Happiness*; and this I look upon to be the chief reason why Young *Lovers* are oftentimes so backward of discovering their *Affections*.

Eliza. But in Case either Sex should be so *Foolishly Innocent*, as to stifle their *Inclinations* after this manner, and the better to hide their Distemper, ascribe their uneasiness to some other Cause, is there no way for a Body to discern the hidden Fire by the Smoke? Are there no Symptoms by which we may discover this *Amorous Fever* from another *Malady*?

Mariana. Yes, but it requires first Observation, and secondly Good Judgment upon it, or else we may be deceiv'd.

Eliza. Pray, Cousin, as you have been open and free with me hitherto, be so kind, also, to Instruct me in this particular; for I know a Young Lady that has been this six Months in a *Declining Melancholy Condition*, and some of us, that are of her Acquaintance, are apt to Judge *Love* to be the Cause, but know not how to be certain; for she will
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not suffer us to get any thing out of her.

Mariana. Melancholy often springs from divers other Causes, but very seldom in Young People, because they are commonly so unacquainted with the Cares of the World, that nothing in that Nature can make an Impression upon them; and therefore it is very likely your Friend has received a Shot from the *Blind Deity*.

Eliza. But how shall we be certain?

Mariana. There is no such thing as an Infallible Judgment to be made of any thing that lies hidden from us: But I look upon the following Measures I am about to Communicate, to be the best you can take, in order to give your self further Satisfaction in this matter.

Eliza. I shall gladly give you my Attention.

Mariana. In the first place, the Person who nourishes in her Breast that *Salamander, Love*, who lives in Flame, and is either afraid or ashamed to discover her *Passion*, you may Observe, is greatly Affected with *Retirement*,

tirement, Covets much to be alone, and chuses for her *Diversion* the most Solitary Places, that, without Interruption, she may Contemplate upon the pleasing Object of her *Temporal Felicity*, that a *Visionary Conceit* may supply the want of the *Real Substance*, till she has a better Opportunity of Obliging her Eyes with a more Satisfactory Sight of the Conqueror that Enslav'd her. Here she fancies she shall meet him; there she remembers she has seen him; yonder she thinks he's coming: Now she picks a *Violet* and compares it to his *Breath*, then Similizes a *Dafie* to the *Whiteness* of his *Skin*, some *Blushing Flower* to the *Beauty* of his *Looks*, and the *Calmness* of the *Weather* to the *Sereneness* of his *Temper*.

Eliza. But these are Whimsies only known to herself, and lie not within the Power of anothers Observation.

Mariana. 'Tis true; but I was just entering upon those Particulars which I know you want to hear. If you have a Mind to make a discovery you must entertain the Person you suspect, with a Discourse of *Love*,
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and set forth, in the softest and most moving Language, the *Various Felicities* that are Enjoy'd by *Lovers*, where their *Hearts* are Faithful, and their *Affections* Mutual; and you will presently find, if the Person be in *Love*, that Sighs will follow Sighs, the *Eyes* Languish, and the *Countenance* Change in spite of the most *Heroick Vertue*, or the most *Subtle Dissimulation*; for as *Madmen* cannot forbear *Raving* when you hit the Cause of their *Frenzy*, so neither can *Lovers* avoid some *Outward Shews* of their *Inward Grief*, when you hit the Cause of their *Distemper*. For *Love* and *Madness*, like to *Hell* and *Purgatory*, are so nearly Ally'd, that there is but a thin *Partition* to divide the one from being *United* with the other; nor is the *Fence* so high, but many a *Furious Lover* has found a way over it, and to be *Reveng'd* of *Ingratitude*, have resign'd their *Senses* to purchase *Bedlam*.

Eliza. I am apt to believe, Cousin, by the *Stratagem* you propose, a *Body* might make a discovery; but then the difficulty that remains will
be

be to know who the Person is that has made the Conquest, without which we shall still be unable to do our Friend Service: for what signifies our knowing the *Dislemper*, if we are Strangers to the *Physician*, in whose Power it only is to effect the Cure.

Mariana. You say right; therefore the best Methods you can use are these, (*viz.*) If you Suspect the Person, take a Seasonable Opportunity in your Friends Company, to speak Slightingly of him, Ridicule his *Breeding*, Disparage his *Intellects*, Heighten his *Infirmities*, Lessen his *Perfections*, Scoff at his *Person*, in short, render him as *Foolish*, *Fantastical*, and ill-*Condition'd* as possible, and you will soon find his *Admirer* very much out of Temper with you; a Peevish Resentment will sit upon her *Brows*, which, by persevering, you may improve into a great Passion, which (its fifty to one) will end in Tears; from whence you may reasonably Judge, that you fix'd the Saddle upon the right Horse.

Eliza. But how shall we do to discover who it is if my Friend has no Conversation with the Man the

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Doats on, and we our selves have no manner of Guess at the Person?

Mariana. Then this must be the way that you must go to Work, (*viz.*) If you would know whether he be a Gentleman or a Tradesman, you must Cunningly introduce a Discourse of Matrimony, in which you must take an Opportunity of saying, Truly were you to have your Choice, you'd Marry a Man that was of such a Trade; then turning to your Friend, ask her, *What Trade she should like best to chuse her a Husband out of?* And if her Love Sick Heart be fix'd upon a Gentleman, she will Scornfully answer, *Out of no Trade at all, truly;* and if he be a Trader, she will go near to discover his Business by her Approbation, so that with great ease you may be thus far satisfy'd. Then by and by you may take an occasion to Talk about the Stature and Complexion of Men, and after the same manner declare first which your self should like best, and then enquire of her, *What Size she should most approve on, a Tall, a Little, or a Middle-size Man?* And, *What Colour she should like best,*
Fair,

Fair, Black, or Brown. And these sort of Questions, if Merrily and Carelessly ask'd, you will find she will Innocently Answer according to the *Truth*, little thinking that any use can be made of 'em, towards the discovery of that *Secret*, which she thinks intirely secur'd in her own Breast. By such sort of means you may cunningly gather his Description, and whether he be a *Gentleman* or a *Tradesman*, and if the latter, what *Trade*. When you have thus far proceeded, you are to make her Maid Privy to your Design, and to prepare her for your purpose, by the following Instructions, which she is to put in practice the next fair opportunity, (*viz*) One Day when her Mistress has been Abroad, as soon as she returns, let the Maid acquaint her that a strange *Gentleman* has been there to wait on her, and seem'd much concern'd that he was disappointed of his Visit. The Lady will be apt to ask, *What sort of a Man he was?* Then let the Maid describe him to be such a Person as you heard your Friend say would be most agreeable to her Fancy. Upon which

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which the Mistress will seem much surpriz'd, and be the more Inquisitive, asking, *If he left no Name?* To which the Maid must reply, *Tes; but, truly, she had unhappily forgot it.* Then, in all Probability, the Mistress will ask her, *If she thought she could Recollect herself if she should hear it Nam'd?* To which let the Maid answer, *She believes she could.* Then it is ten to one but the Mistress will Name the *Gentleman* that is the Object of her *Affections*; because it is Natural for all Young Persons in *Love* to fancy things as they would have 'em prove, and to have their *Thoughts* continually *Meditating* upon the Person they *Admire*, and have so great an *Esteem* for. By such like means you may dive into your Friends *Thoughts*, and make your self Mistress of the *Secret*, without giving her the least suspicion of the matter.

Eliza. I'll assure you, Cousin, I like your Project so well, that the next opportunity my Friend gives me, I shall certainly put it in practice; for its a thousand Pities a pretty Young Lady, as she is, should Languish away her *Charms*, either thro'

thro' too *Bashful*, or too *Obstinate* a *Humour* to make known to her *Friend* the Cause of her *Uneasiness*.

Mariana. Use but the Method I have given you, with that *Caution* and *Cunning* that is necessary, and I dare engage it will procure its desired *Effect*.

Eliza. But one thing more, *Cousin*, I have to ask you, which *Deviates* a little from the Subject we have been talking on, which is, (*viz.*) Suppose a *Man* should pretend *Love* to me, what measures I should take to truly satisfy my self whether it be *Real* or *Feigned*? For you know it is a common Practice, now-a-Days for Gentlemen to talk *Amorously* to us Silly Girls, as often to shew their *Breeding* as their *Love*, because they are apt to think it is a piece of *Good Manners* that we Ladies expect from them.

Mariana. I find thou art a very *Ignorant Girl*, indeed. In our Discourse last Night I thought I had given hints enough to have *Instructed* you in that visible Difference. — If a *Man* has a *Real* and *Passionate Love* for thee, his *Eyes*, like *Carbuncles*,
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before the Death of those that wear 'em will strike Fire: When he meets thee, his *Lips* will Tremble at his Utterance, you will see a Bashfulness in his *Looks*, and find him Faulter in his *Speech*: He will Blush when he *Kisses* you, and be in a perfect *Ague* when he Squeezes you by the *Hand*; and a thousand pretty little Flurries of his *Passion* will so surprizingly appear in spite of *Humane Discretion*, that are not to be imitated by the most expert *Dissembler*. Besides, there is another sure way to make Trial of a Mans *Affections*, which is this, (*viz.*) If a Man lies Buzzing about you, professing a great deal of *Love*, but will not come to the Point, as if he only kept you in play as a Reserve in case he cannot better himself elsewhere, which is the way of a great many Young Sparks, whose Business obliges them to enter into the State of *Matrimony*, so that they Marry not so much for *Love*, as they do for *Conveniency*; therefore if such a Person should make his *Addresses* to you that you like for a *Husband*, and you find that he keeps you in suspense under a tedious *Amour*, that you cannot rightly understand whether he Loves you well or no, or what it is that he

is driving at. The only way to discover the force of his *Inclinations*, to whet his *Desires*, to set a better edge upon his *Appetite*, and bring him to a quick *Resolution*, is to put in Practice the following Method, (*viz.*) You must Select, seemingly, to your *Favour* some other Gentleman of your Acquaintance, and contrive the Matter so, that he may be sometimes with you when your *Lover* pays his Visit, who (if the Kindness he professes be *Sincere* and *Honourable*) will be apt to shew no little Signs of Uneasiness at the approach of a *Rival*, to whom you must Behave your self with that *Freedom* and *Respect* that may heighten the others *Jealousie*, and cause him to suspect he is in danger of being *Supplanted*; so that if he has any real *Respect* for you, and intends you for his Wife, you will find that his fear of losing you will make him come close to the matter. So that by this Stratagem you may easily discover the verity of his *Affections*, and the End he is driving at.

Eliza. Upon my Word, Cousin, the Method you propose, if put in Practice with that Cunning that is necessary, seems a very reasonable Stratagem to

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improve a *Passion* in the Breast of a Young *Lover*, that is not already Caution'd against such a *Politick Contrivance*. I'll assure you, if ever I should happen to meet with a *Gallant* that should pretend *Love*, yet keep me so long in suspense, that I should not know how to guess what End he propos'd by his *Dilatory Proceedings*, I should certainly Experience the Effects of your Instructions, and make him open his Mind with a little more Freedom, and bring him closer to the Business in hand, if Teasing him with a *Rival* would be a Spur to his *Affections*; for, I believe, most of our Sex are of my mind, they hate to be long Tantaliz'd.

Mariana. I think, *Eliza*, you are in the right on't: For a *Man*, like a Faint Hearted *Wasp* that flies Buzzing about a Flower in its Bloom, and is afraid to settle, only serves to keep off those *Bees* who, were it not for the danger of such an Enemy, would, perhaps, fix presently. Besides, a Timorous and Tedious *Courtier* foresees not the Inconveniences he may bring upon himself by his own Cowardly Delays, in so Important an Affair as *Love* and *Matrimony*, for when their *Amorous Pretences*, *Love Toys* and

and *Dalliances*, have put their Mistresses in Mind of the Blessings of that Honourable State, into which a *Woman*, without a Breach of her *Modesty*, may have a desire to enter. Their Impatience under the Prolix Proceedings of a *Hesitating Lover*, may provoke them to take up new Resolutions, and cause them to comply with the eager Importunities of a more *Forward* and *Sollicitous Rival*, who is more sprightly and speedy in his Addresses, and more determinate in his Proposals; and then, perhaps, when the other finds that he has Inevitably lost the Prize he has been so long in Quest of, the *Woman*, forsooth, must be branded with *Treachery*, when his own Disappointment was owing to nothing but his own Neglect.

Eliza. Nay, I have heard of *Lovers* who have lost their Mistresses meerly by their own *Dilatory Carelessness*, after they have been forwarn'd by those they have Courted of their Intentions to dispose of themselves to other Persons, in case they were not prepar'd to perform the Promise of *Marriage* punctually at the time that has been prefix'd them; and yet when they have broke their Words, and their Mistresses, according to their

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Female Grievances.

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Threatenings, have taken up with their *Rivals*, they have afterwards prov'd so very Impatient under the Disappointments they have brought upon themselves by their own Remissness, that Life it self has been so insupportable a Burthen, that they have rather chosen to resign it, than to live without the Blessings of their Charming Conversation they had so Imprudently lost.

Mariana. I have heard in my time many Trigical Stories to this purpose ; but there is one above the rest which I can positively assert for a Truth, and being very Remarkable it may be worth your Attention.

Eliza. Pray, Cousin, oblige me, for nothing can be more acceptable than these Love Stories, especially of your telling.

In *Leadenball-Market* there liv'd two very deserving Young Women, who were Sisters, being left by their Mother in a good Employment, and under Reputable Circumstances ; the Eldest being a very Personable Woman, and much admir'd, both for her Prudence and her Beauty, was very much Solicited by several Persons of equal Quality and For-

tune with herself, upon the Account of *Matrimony*. Amongst the rest, there happen'd to be a *Stockin-Merchant*, who, being a *Man* of an *Affable Temper*, *Come-ly Presence*, and *Considerable Dealings*, he was suppos'd by the Neighbourhood and Customers to be the most likely Person to procure an Interest in her Favours, notwithstanding he had one very Powerful Rival, who having no less a Kindness than himself, was very *Vigilant* and *Industrious* to win the Prize from him who was justly suspected of having made the most Successful Progress in his Honourable Amour; but the Lady having so far condescended to the Importunities of her first and most prevailing *Lover*, the *Stockin-Merchant*, as to promise him her *Affections* upon a Reputable Account, when she found a proper occasion, dealt very Ingenuously with the rest of her Admirers, told them All plainly, like a *Woman* of *Discretion*, *Constancy* and *Resolution*, what they had All to trust to, for that her *Affections* were settl'd, and her *Heart* engag'd, and therefore desir'd them to desist in their further Solicitations. But one who was a *Lawyer*, and the second in Esteem, Wisely considering with him-
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self, that according to the Old Proverb, *Many things might happen between the Cup and the Lip*, resolv'd, notwithstanding the Repulse he had met with, to continue his Visits, and wait with Leisure the Dispensations of *Providence*, which he still hop'd might give a lucky and unexpected turn to his Affairs of *Love*, that might prove at last to his Advantage.

The most Powerful Rival, for fear of being supplanted by the Unwearied Pursuits, and Indefatigable Vigilance of his *Amorous Competitor*, proceeded in all haste to settle the Preliminaries to *Marriage*, which was effectually done to his own, as well as the Satisfaction of his intended Bride, and a new House was accordingly taken in *Goodmans-Fields*, to which she was desired to retire from her Business, with her Sister and Servant, in order for their more Commodious Entertainment when they were *Marry'd*, which was agreed on to be perform'd in a few Days after their Removal; but when all things were dispos'd on, the Ladies in Possession of their new Habitation, and every thing put in readiness for the Consummation of their *Nuptials*, some unexpected Im-

pediment happen'd on the *Man's* side, that gave a present Interruption to the *Church Ceremony* upon the Day appointed, which the disappointed Lady, upon a plausible Excuse pass'd by with all the Patience of a *Discreet Woman*, pacifying her Temper under so great an Injury, which she expected would have been repair'd by a speedy second Opportunity.

In a little time after, another Day was mutually agreed on to Lawfully confirm those *Verbal Obligations*, which wanted nothing but the *Sanction* of the *Priest* to make them intirely perfect; but an unforeseen Providence obstructing their Design, and casting another Stumbling Block in their way to *Wedlock*, caus'd the unhappy *Bridegroom* to make a second Default, which the Lady, notwithstanding the greatness of the Aggravation, (after his *Specious Apology*, *Due Submission*, and *Faithful Promises* of a speedy Attonement of all his past Transgressions) to shew her *Peaceable* and *Forgiving Temper* Pardon'd a second time, but with this Assurance, that if ever he put a third Affront upon her after the like manner, that she would never excuse it, but would

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would certainly dispose of herself forthwith to such a Gentleman, who was ready to Embrace that as his highest Felicity, which he had so greatly slighted and provok'd; so that now, as a Testimony of the Reality of his Intentions, a third time was prefix'd for the performance of the Solemnity, and a thorough Reconciliation was once more obtain'd; but before the Day came the Lawyer happen'd to renew his Visits, having heard of her Disappointments, and began again to try the force of his Eloquence at so seasonable a Juncture, and to be very Importunate with her to so resent the Affront as to transfer her Heart to himself, who would wot to treat the Affections of so Deserving a Lady after so Dishonourable a manner, to which she reply'd, *that if he would give himself the trouble of calling at her House about Eleven of the Clock upon such a Day, she would give him a final Answer to his Amours, and a thorough Result of what she further intended.* And to dispatch'd him for that Vint.

The Day that she had appointed for the Lawyer to know his Doom, was the same that was prefix'd for her to be marry'd to the Stock-Merchant, who

had promis'd to wait upon her to Church about the Hour of Ten in the Morning; she resolving, if he came not by Eleven, which was the time she had given to the *Lawyer*, that then, without further Delay, the first that came she would make choice on for her Bridegroom, being fully bent to bear no longer with such an Inexcusable Indignity as another Disappointment.

When the Morning came that she expected her Old *Lover* to be punctual to his Word, which he had so often falsify'd, instead of his Company, came a Letter of Excuse to delay the *Marriage* a third time upon the Account of some other *Important Affair*, that had again unluckily happen'd: This last put off seem'd so deridingly *Affrontive*, that the poor enrag'd Lady thought herself now *Mock'd* and *Injur'd* beyond all Forgiveness, having nothing now left to support her Spirits under this Confusion, but the Thoughts and Hopes of a very speedy *Revenge*.

The *Lawyer*, who she had now mark'd out to be at once the Object of her *Love*, and the Instrument of her *Revenge*, lost no Minutes of his time, but kept the Hour she had appointed him with the

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the greatest exactness; who, finding his Mistress ready Dress'd to the utmost Advantage, told her, without much preamble, *That he hop'd now he should know her Resolutions according to her Promise?* Who very freely answer'd, *She was fully determin'd to be his, in case he would give her so quick a Testimony of his Love, as to go that Minute and be Married.* Which the Eager Spark, to make all sure, very Joyfully Consented to, and, without further Hesitation, away they went and perform'd the Ceremony, and the same Night made their Bridal-Bed, in that Habitation which was taken in order to Entertain the Nuptials of his *Anticipated Rival.*

But a sudden Surprise gave a dismal Interruption to their Early Felicity: For the next Morning, before either *Bride* or *Bridegroom* had made their Resurrection from *Loves Paradise*, the Supplanted *Lover*, who had heard what was the Fatal Consequence of his own Provoking Disappointments, knocking at the Door, was admitted by the Sister into the *Parlour*, who confirm'd the sad Story to his inexpressible Grief, which he Generously acknowledg'd was no more than he deserv'd, but Sighing shew

at the utterance of every Expression very deep Signs of an *Insupportable Anxiety*. After he had sat a little under this deep Resentment and Concern, he fram'd an Excuse to send the Sister up Stairs, to fetch down something he pretended to have left behind him the last time of his being there; which, to oblige him, she went readily to look for, but when she return'd found the Unfortunate Gentleman wallowing in his Gore, with his Throat Cut by a Razor, past the power of Speech, just Expiring. Thus tho' he forfeited the Object of his Affections meerly by his own Negligence and Imprudence, yet was he unable to Survive the loss of that Happiness, which he might have easily preserv'd by his better Conduct.

Eliza. Yet, I'll warrant you, the Good-Natur'd World cast all the blame upon the Woman.

Mariana. Some you may besure did, but I think altogether undeserved; for what Woman, that had been so often Slighted and Affronted in so Important an Affair, could believe that a Man had Love enough for her to cut his Throat in case she Marry'd another?

Eliza. I must confess, had I been
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Treated with so many reiterated Disappointments in a Business of that Moment, I fancy I should scarce have shewn the like Patience; especially if I'd been provided like the Lady, with as many Strings to my Bow.

Mariana. Come, Child, let us rise, and be going; I have sat so long that I have almost crush'd my Crupper—.

So up got my Ladies and a way they walk'd, little thinking they had left a Bird in the Bush, who had Sense enough to Communicate to the Publick their Delightful Tittle-Tattle.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION

To the Fourth Dialogue.

ON *Thursday* Morning, taking Example by the Sun, for my Early Uprising, no sooner had I Wash'd and Powder'd, and made by self as clean as a Ladies *Lap-Dog* just Comb'd from the *Fleas*, but I strol'd into the Corn-Fields to Refresh my Spirits with a Salubrious Breeze, and Delight my Eyes with the Flourishing Effects of the Careful *Husbandmans* Industry; after I had taken about an Hours Walk among the Beautiful Inclosures, whose Blooming Hedges, and Verdant Products of their Teeming Soil, seem'd to me more Pleasant than the most Regular Garden; I happen'd to cross into a narrow Lane that led towards the *Common*, where I met a Lusty Country Lad forcing along a Stubborn *Calf*, which he had got in a Halter: The

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Female Grievances.

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untoward Animal, as if possess'd of a sudden Apprehension that he was driving to Execution, grew so confounded Wrothy, that in spite of his Young Rural Drover, he would not be prevail'd upon to stir a step further, but hung an Arse in the Dumps, like a *Bear* hauling to the Stake; the Boy drew him by the Head, then steer'd him by the Tail, but with all his Strength, assisted by his Art, could not persuade his sturdy Companion to expedite his Fatal Journey. The Boy Thrash'd him like a *Stock-Fish*, the *Calf* Roar'd like a *Bull*, but all Correction was in vain, for the Headstrong *Quadrupede* would have his Humour in spite of Cudgelling and Cursing; at last with much difficulty, by dint both of Strength and Stratagem, the Lad forc'd him to a Stile about two Yards distance, to which he ty'd his unruly Beast, running back himself to *Dulledge*, in order to procure some more Powerful Assistance, that might be able to carry the Obstreperous Prisoner to his Execution. In the Interim of the Boys Absence, a *Butcher* happen'd to be coming the contrary way with a *Pig* before him in a String, which he told me, *He was driving Home to feed up for Bacon against*

against next Winter. After, for Diversiſon ſake, I had ask'd him two or three Impertinent Queſtions, he enquir'd of me, *How that Cal^l became ty'd in that manner to the Stile?* Upon which I up and told him what pretty Paſtime I had ſeen between the Boy and his Bald Fac'd Captive, and that the La^d was run back to get ſome Body to help him. *Egid. Maſter*, cries the Butcher, being a Merry Fellow, *if you'll keep Couſel I'll put a pretty Trick upon the Young Rogue, and make him when he comes back believe his Cal^l is Bewitch'd into a Hog.* Prithce do, ſaid I, put the change upon him, and when he returns let me alone to manage the matter.

Accordingly the Butcher unties the Cal^l, and leaves the Hog in his Room, and being a Strong Luſty Fellow carries the Cal^l into a By Place under a Hedge, at a ſmall diſtance, where he might lye purſue and be a partaker of the Diverſion. By that time I had taken a little Circuit round the Cloſe, the Boy returns, and with him his Father, I was not at firſt near enough, to hear the beginning of their Dialogue, but walking towards them, I found the Boy Scratching his Ears, and the Fa-

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ther Cursing and Swearing at him, crying, *Nouns you Dog what's become of the Calf?* The Son stamping and Har- ing reply'd, *As I'm here alive, Father, 'twas a Calf when I left it.* Friend, said I, to the Father, don't put your self in a Passion with your Son, the Boy de- serves no blame, for a strange Accident has happen'd in his Absence, which occasion'd me to walk here till the Boys return, on purpose to declare it. *For the Lord's sake, Master, what was it?* Says the Countryman. I'll tell thee, Friend, said I, (*viz*) The Lad was no sooner got out of sight, but I saw an Old Woman in a *High-Crown'd Hat*, with a *Sive* in her Hand, and a huge *Pitcher* ty'd at her Girdle, come riding in the Air over yonder Trees, mounted upon a *Hog*, and lighting at the Stile, she got a straddle upon the Calf, and leaving the *Hog* behind, away she flew towards *Lusum* as if the Devil drove her. *A Pox Confound her for an Old Witch*, cries the Father, turning to his Son, as sure as we're alive, Jack, this is that Ill-look'd Hag Old Gammer Snoden, she was at my House t'other Day to beg a *Sing* of Butter- Milk, and because my Dame would give her none, she has certainly, in Revenge, put this

this Trick upon us ; she went the other Day to Goody Trouton's to borrow an Egg for a Pudding, and because she would not lend it her, the Arse of her Frizal'd Hen has been ever since so woundy sore, that every time the poor Creature goes to lay, it would grieve a Body to the Heart to hear what Moan she makes; but Efaith, if there be any Law in Kent, we'll have her Hang'd in a Withy in spight of all her Cunning. Thank you, Master, kindly, for telling us what a Wick-ed Prank this Jade has plaid with us. Come, Jack, let us go Home and tell all our Neighbours how she has serv'd us, and if they won't help to Swim her for a Witch, Efaith I hope she'll serve 'em all the same Sauce at one time or other. But hold, Friend, said I, as he was walking off, tho' you have lost your Veal you had best save your Bacon, and take the Hog along with you, for remember the Old Proverb, That half a Loaf is better than no Bread. Adsears, Master, cries the Fellow, I dare not meddle with him, for who knows but instead of a Pig he may prove the Devil. Truly, Friend, said I, thou art in the right on't, upon second thoughts I would not have you venture on him. Not I, Marry, cries the Countryman, so away he Troop'd with his Son, most highly

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highly enrag'd against the poor suspected *Hag* that knew nothing of the matter.

No sooner was he gone but out comes the *Butcher* with the *Calf*, ties him as he found him; and after we had a little Laughing at the matter, away he drives Home his *Pig* without discovery, and away march'd I to the *Wells*, leaving the poor *Calf* ty'd to his *Good Behaviour*.

When I had Tattled away two or three Hours amongst the *Laxative Ladies* at the General Rendezvous, and had made my Guts like *Middleton's-Pipes*, convey Water from the *Wells* to several distant Places, I return'd Homewards at my usual time, going the same way that I came on purpose to see whether any Body, as yet, had releas'd the *Calf* from his Confinement; and when I came to the *Stile* there I found the Countryman, with several of his Neighbours, very warmly debating the Truth of the wonderful Prodigy he had Reported to them; but the Neighbours finding only the *Calf* ty'd up, which he and his Son had positively affirm'd to 'em was Bewitch'd into a *Hog*, they could not be perswaded to give any Credit to his Story, till the Countryman seeing me, cry'd out, *Ad'stess and Nines,*
here

here comes the very Gentleman that saw the Witch Ride away upon my Calf; and take a Hog on a Devil in the room of him, but only he had been Threatening of the Witch, so she had brought back the Calf, and had left him where she found him. Upon my Word, said I, Good People, as I was Walking this way in the Morning, I really did see the Calf chang'd for a Hog; and, therefore, I would have you believe your Honest Neighbour, for he tells you not a Tittle that he knows to be false. Which Prevarication pass'd off so cleverly, that they believ'd the Story to be Truth, and so separated, spreading the Miracle thro' the Country for a great certainty.

By that time I had got to my Lodging my Stomach was more craving than the Desires of a Lady troubled with a *Fura Matricis*, which I took care to satisfy with all possible Expedition; and when I had spent the heat of the Afternoon in gently Exercising the Faculties of my Mind, I quitted my Chamber, and had Recourse a fourth time to my *Silvian Retirement*, where I lay again in Ambuscade till the two Charming Ladies, according to their Custom, approach'd their Shady Apartment, where,

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Nature's Verdant Couch, and let their
Nimble Tongues most smoothly slide
into the following Dialogue.

DIALOGUE IV.

BETWEEN

ELIZA and MARIANA,

Containing Directions for Young Ladies
in the Prudent Management of the
Affairs of Love.

ELIZA.

AMongst the rest of the kind In-
structions you have generously
given me, I should be glad to
be acquainted with those Rules, by
which, in the Affairs of Love, we may
learn to Deport our selves with that
Prudence which is most becoming a No-
ble Breast upon so Solemn an Occasion;
and what Conduct on our part is most
Necessary

Necessary to be us'd, from the Opening of the Scene, to the Closing of the Curtain.

Mariana. Indeed, Cousin, you put upon me a hard Task, which, I doubt, I shall perform but indifferently except I had more Experience; but, however, since I have ponder'd much upon all these Subjects, I will endeavour to Oblige you as far as my own Natural Genius, with the assistance my Narrow Acquirements, will give me leave, in so important a Matter.

Eliza. Pray, Cousin, do; for I know by the Strength of your own Natural Wit you are able, if you please, to guess well at any thing; therefore I desire to first know how a Woman should behave herself in the beginning of an Amour, when a Spark makes his Addresses as it were upon Liking, that is in order to fathom a Woman so far, as to know whether her Temper be agreeable.

Mariana. It must be your Endeavour, as Early as you can, to make the like discovery of him that Courts you; and whatever Disposition you observe in him, before you Copy it in your self with all imaginable exactness, as far as it is consistent with the Modesty of a

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Virgin; for the only way to catch a *Smelt*, or a *Gudgeon*, is to bait your Hook with a bit of the same Fish.

Eliza. So that if he be *Proud* and *Formal*, or *Affable* and *Courteous*, let my own *Natural Temper* be what it will, I must still (*Painter* like) keep close to my *Original*.

Mariana. Most certainly. If he be *Prim* and *Beauish*, besure you Dress so Nicely as to imitate his *Foppery*; if he Talk *Carelessly* and *Foolishly*, do you so too; but if his Garb be *Grave* and *Decent*, let your Apparel be answerable; if his Deportment be *Graceful*, and his Talk be *Concise* and *Pertinent*, besure you exert your self after the same manner; in short, be *Reserv'd*, *Prudent* and *Respectful* in the Conversation of a *Wise Man*, and *Free*, *Talkative*, and *Flickering* in the Company of a *Fool*. For I have always observ'd, *Men* are apt to admire those Qualifications in a *Woman*, that come nearest to their own, except it be in such *Vices* which are *Universally Scandalous*.

Eliza. So far you have prepar'd me very well for a *Love Enterprize*, I find *Men* must be *Humour'd* by their *Mistresses*, as *Children* are by their *Nurses*,

or else we can no more please the one, than they can quiet the other. —

But, pray Cousin, when, by these Stratagems, we have gain'd the Love of a Courtier, what are the best Methods to preserve it, till we have made him give us Church Security that he will be ours for ever?

Mariana. You must always take care to proportion the Freedom you take, and the Liberties you give, according to the Assurances you have of your Courtiers Love; and advance Gradually in your Approbation of his Addresses, as he does in his Manifestations of the Esteem he has for you; so that you are to abate your Coyness, as he heightens his Affections, and when, by his Solemn Protestations, you think your self sure of him, you may grant him the Favour of a Kiss, when he presumes to take it, with a kind of Reciprocal Compliance, without Struggling: But whatever you do, keep so strict a Guard upon your Vertue, as to admit of nothing that is in the least Immodest, without the highest Resentment, for, if you do, tho' it is something that is far short of any Preliminaries, to the Grand Familiarity, yet your Lover (if you admit of it

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Patiently, and pass it by without an Angry Chastisement) may draw such Untoward Inferences from your Tacit Condescension, as may raise, in a Jealous Breast, those Suspicions of your Chastity, that may stop his farther Progress, and put an end to his Pretensions.

Eliza. This is all so very Reasonable, that, sure, even the Goddesses of Love herself, had she all that *Knowledge* and *Experience* that we *Mortals* ascribe to the *Amorous Deity*, could never have prescribed more Admirable Rules for our Weak Sex to Observe, than what you have kindly given me out of your own *Innocent Apprehensions*. If you have any thing further, pray, Cousin, proceed.

Mariana. I thank you for your Compliment, and am glad to hear you are so well pleas'd with my Unskilful Sentiments. But thus much farther it is Necessary we Observe in securing the Affections of a Person we think worth preserving, (*viz*) That we never forget to seemingly Resent the least Neglect, Slight, or Disappointment he shall put upon us; not to be so Angry in Good Earnest as to fall into a down-right Quarrel, but to shew such an alteration in our Carriage upon every such Occa-
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sion as may be Constru'd a *Jealousie*, or a Diffidence of those Loving Protestations which our Admirers have made to us, and not to be Heartily Reconcil'd till he has renew'd the Covenant of *Love*, by some fresh Assurances, and has made a sufficient Attonement for his past Offence; which, if his Passion be real, he will never be at ease till he has found means to Accomplish.

Eliza. This is Conduct to the highest degree. Pray, Cousin, let me prevail upon you to exert your self upon this Obliging Subject.

Mariana. In the next place we ought to be very careful that our *Lovers* do not learn any thing from our own Examples, that they may Practice to our Prejudice, when we are so well assur'd of their *Affections*, as to enter into any *Solemn Contract* or *Obligation* with them, that is, when we have engag'd our selves to each other by Mutual Promises, that we do not continue any Private Conversation with other Persons, or admit of any Frequent Visits from any Man, that may give our *Favourites* a Suspicion of our being Wavering or Fickle, and that our *Affections* are neither well Settled, nor our Hearts sufficiently

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Guarded in our *Lovers* Absence, against the Power of a *Rival*; for if once we give them Cause to think we are trying to mend our Market, it is ten to one but it will put them upon the same Experiment, which they cannot do with any *Honour* or *Justice*, if we reserve our selves from the Company of all other *Competitors*; besides, the greater Guard we put upon our selves, upon their Account, the more we have to Upbraid them with when ever they give themselves the aforementioned Liberty.

Eliza. Truly, Cousin, I think it is but highly Reasonable, that when a Woman has contracted Friendship with any one Man, that she should abandon the Converse of all others, except in such Cases where *Common Civility* obliges her to the contrary. But pray proceed, for I can never be tired with such useful Admonitions.

Mariana. In the last place, as our Sex, you are Sensible, are Subject to many Infirmities; so there is nothing more Conducing to the Preservation of that Esteem, which those that Admire us profess for us, than our care in concealing all the Indecencies, which the Corruption of our Natures makes us daily

liable to; we must take care that we are not catch'd in any *Immodest Action*, surpriz'd in any *Unseemly Posture*, or discover'd in any of those *Freakish Familiarities*, or *Wanton Freedoms* among our selves, that Young Girls, when together, may sometimes Merrily engage in; for nothing can be a greater Mortification to a *Passionate Lover*, who, thro' his own mistaken *Ideas*, has rais'd up his Mistress to an *Angelical Perfection*, than to catch her in any Failing that renders her destitute of those *Excellencies* which, by the strength of his own *Fancy*, assisted by his *Love*, he has attributed to her Character; and generally the Misfortune of such unwilling discoveries turns *Love* into *Aversion*; as an Instance of which I will tell you a Story.

Eliza. Pray, Cousin, let me hear it.

Mariana. A Young, Jolly, Mercurial, Country Gentleman happen'd to fall so deeply in Love with a Beautiful Young Lady, that before he took the Freedom to acquaint her with his *Passion*, he had so far fan'd his Flame as to be almost Distracted for her. The Lady being a Woman whose *Inward Qualifications*

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fications were every way answerable to her *External Graces*, she so Charm'd her Admirer by the Ornaments of her *Mind*, as well as those of her *Body*, when her *Lover* with his best *Rhetorick* Address'd himself to her, that he could not forbear conceiting that she was the Glorious Off-spring of some *Cælestial Deity*, not Conceived in *Sin*, and Born in *Iniquity*, like a Short-liv'd Mortal; but that she drop'd from a Cloud by some extraordinary Providence, and neither Eat, Drank, Slept, or was Subject to any of the Infirmities incident to *Humane Nature*, but that she fed upon nothing but *Ethereal Diet*, and that she could not be otherwise than an Inimitable piece of *Charming Immortality*; but it unluckily happen'd one Day, when her *Infatuated Lover* was in the middle of his *Visit*, and in the height of his *Amour*, that his Angel (having Eat a Mess of *Pease-Soup* for Breakfast) was all of a sudden taken violently with the *Gripes*, so that she was forc'd to make some plausible Excuse to quit his Company for a Minute or two, to put in practice the common Receipt that procures Ease to those that are Afflicted with such a *Laxative Dis-temper*: Her occasions detaining her a little

little longer than ordinary, her Furious *Lover* growing Impatient in her Absence, not Dreaming that his *Divinity* could have any other Private Business, besides Conversing in Secret with some other *Gods* or *Goddesses*, he took a turn into the Garden in Quest of his Dear Angel, which he had no sooner enter'd, but by an unaccountable *Sympathy* he was hurry'd down to the bottom of the Garden, where suddenly pressing open the Door of a little Necessary Tene-ment, he found his *Goddess* in Possession, which so highly enrag'd him to think she had degraded her *Immortality*, in doing the common Offices of *Flesh* and *Blood*, that he put a Restraint upon *Nature*, and running back to the House made his *Exit*, without staying to take Leave of his dear *Cælestial Mistress*, who had so unhappily betray'd herself into a State of *Mortality*, never Visiting her after; but turn'd his *Passionate Love* into an *Irreconcilable Aversion*, for no other Reason but because he had catch'd his *Divinity* discharging that Natural Obligation, which was unseemly in a *Goddess*.

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how careful our Sex ought to be that they are never detected by their Admirers in any manner of Indecency. So, prithee, Child, let's be going, for the Clouds begin to gather as if the Evening would be Rainy.

No sooner had Madam *Mariana* concluded her Story, but away they marched off, and gave me opportunity to bolt out of my Thicket, and to wind up the Evening (which again clear'd up) with a Contemplative Walk.

INTRODUCTION

To the Fifth Dialogue.

THE next Morning Uthering in the *Friday*, after half an Hours Battle with the *Gnats*, that had rais'd as many Bumps in my Cheeks, as there are Rubies about the Fiery Nose of an Old *Claret Drinker*, I made a shift (having received many Wounds from my spiteful little Enemies) to get on my Cloaths and put my self in a cleanly Condition fit for Publick appearance, which I had no sooner done, but *Times Register*, the *Clock*, striking the Hour of Six, I thought it high time to be Jogging towards the *Wells*, in order to Refrigerate my Guts with a little *Aqua Purgativa*, so bidding my pretty Landlady good Morrow, (I mean not in a *Matrimonial Sense*) she wishing the Waters to pass well with me, I began my Walk and proceeded (the Morning being pleasant) with great Satisfaction till I came to

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to the *Fountain-Head*, where the *Night-rails* were squiring up and down among the Fuzzes, like so many white *Rabbits* among the *Brakes* in a *Warren*; thought I, this is a rare Morning to Drink the Waters, for I find they begin already to Operate wonderfully with the *Female Aquepotes*. So I sat my self down upon a Clod of Dirt, hard bak'd by the Sun into a *Dullidge-Bench*, and bid my Old Beldam of a Drawer fill me a Pint, which I tofs'd down with about as good a Gust as a *Town-Strumpet* under the ill Effects of her Sins, does a *Turpentine Potions*: Just as I had taken off my first Dose, a Girl about Thirteen or Fourteen Years Old, with a *Wash-Leather Complexion*, set off to Advantage with a white *Muslin-Night-rail*, came to take a Glass at the same Well. Pray, said I to her, what can occasion such a pretty Miss as you to drink the Waters? Sir, replies the Young Lady, my Father sends me hither to drink 'em for my Complexion, for the Doctor tells him if I use myself to 'em for two or three Seasons it will certainly bring me to a good Colour. I must confess, Miss, said I, you look a little Yellow, but, I believe it is owing to nothing but *the Waters*. No, Sir, replied the Young

Young Madam, *I thank God I am very free, my Mother says, from any such Distemper.* Pray, said I, Miss, what then does your Mother think to be the occasion of your Yellowness? Sir, says she, very Gravely, *I have heard my Mother say, that when she was with Child of me she long'd for a Couflip-Pudding, and having made one in my Fathers Absence, taken it out of the Bag, put it into a Dish, and was melting Butter and Sugar for the Sauce, in came my Father very much in Drink, and seeing my Mother going to Supper by herself, he fell into such a deadly Passion, that he kick'd down the Stool, and flung the Pudding into the Ashes; upon which my Mother cry'd out, God Bless the poor Child within me! But, notwithstanding her Prayers, she does verily believe, that losing her Longing, and the Fright together, turn'd me as Tellow as a Couflip.* Truly, Miss, said I, this is very probable. Indeed, Sir, said she, *so I have heard Folks say.* Pray, Miss, said I, what Trade is your Father? A Merchant Vamper, Sir, reply'd Miss Couflip. A Merchant Vamper, said I, I never heard of such a Trade in my Life before; pray what Commodity does he deal in? O fie, Sir, said she, and clap'd her Hands before her

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Face to hide her Blushes, as if she thought I had spoke *Bawdy*. Perceiving her Innocence, said I, I mean my Dear, what Goods does he deal in? In *Shoes*, Sir, reply'd little Madam *Crispiana*. O ho! said I, what he Vamps up Old *Shoes*, does he not? *Tes*, Sir, says she, and us'd to send abundance to France in time of Peace; but this War has been a great Injuy to our Trade so that besides Old he is now forc'd to Sell New *Shoes* to boot. At this Innocent Reply I had much ado to keep Countenance. But, pray, Miss, said I whereabouts does your Father live? Sir, says she, at the Great Cellar at Charing Cross. Well, said I, but, notwithstanding the War with France, he has as great a Home-Trade, I suppose, as ever he had? *Tes*, Sir, says Madam *Cobleria*, a much greater; as soon as Candles are lighted in an Evening, he is so throng'd with Customers, fine Gentlemen with long Wigs and Swords, that he cannot shut up his Shop till Eleven or Twelve a Clock at Night. And, pray, said I, what Religion does your Father deal among most? I have heard him say, says she, High-Churchmen, Jacobites, and Papists are his best Customers. This unlucky Answer set me into such a Fit

of Laughter, that put my Waters on Working, so I was forc'd to take a sudden Leave of my pretty Companion to Humour the Motion of my *Twattling-Strings*; and when I return'd Madam *Couslip* had withdrawn herself, I suppose, upon the like Occasion. This being all that I Remarkably met with this Morning, after I had Tipped off my usual Proportion of my Liquid Physick, I return'd to my Lodging, where, in *Eating, Reading and Sleeping*, I wasted the Heat of the Day, till the accustomed time call'd me to my *Evenings Retirement*, where I came so Opportunely as to have the Advantage of hearing another Pleasant Dialogue, which the Ladies began as follows,

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DIALOGUE V.

BETWEEN

ELIZA and MARIANA,

Of Marriage, that it is the Duty of every Person to Marry, unless there be a Lawful Impediment.

Eliza.

PRay, Cousin, tell me your Opinion of a *Marriage Life*, whether you think it a *State* generally so full of *Uneasiness*, as some Persons Represent it; or whether, on the contrary, you believe it Blest with those inexpressible Felicities, which *Lovers* expect to find that take such Wondrous Pains to Embarque in it?

Mariana According to my Notion it is a State of *Extreams*, without any *Mediocrity*; that is, it is a Life of exceeding *Happiness*, or intollerable *Uneasiness*,
that

that has no *Medium* of Continuance, but is always running out of one Extream into another; so that whosoever engages in it must either expect to be very *Happy*, or very *Miserable*, or interchangeably both.

Eliza. At that rate, Cousin, it must perpetually keep our Minds upon the Wrack; for if we must always be either very *Loving*, or very *Thwarting*, very *Fond*, or very *Provoking*, methinks we can never truly enjoy that lasting *Tranquillity* in it, which a *Prudent* and *Peaceable Temper* may find out of it. For in my Opinion, a Days Content cannot make us sufficient Satisfaction for an Hours *Uneasiness* of Mind, or an Hours Pleasure recompence a Minutes Pain; because the Injuries of the one cannot be repaired by the good Effects of the other.

Mariana. 'Tis true. But, however, since it is a State Consonant to the *Laws* of God, and Appointed by the *Laws* of the Kingdom, no Person of either Sex ought to be deterr'd from entering into it, by the *Cares* and *Vexations* which we observe most commonly attend it, because the *Storms* and *Tempests* that arise in it, generally break forth to the Knowledge of the World, when the most

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Paciffick, Comfortable, and Felicitous Parts of it lie hid, and never truly occur to the Knowledge of any but by their own Experience: So that we can never be able to make a true Judgment of a *Marry'd Life*, till we have engag'd our selves in the same State, and have worn the *Church Fetters* at least the Term of a *Prentiship*.

Eliza. But then, if we find it proves worse than we expected, our *Unhappiness* is past all Remedy but *Death*; and the very Thoughts of that must needs add to our *Troubles*, and make the Burthen of our *Afflictions* the more insupportable.

Mariana. *Patience* is the only *Salve* for an *Incurable Malady*, and a *Noble-Resolution* the most *Christian* means to *Alleviate* our *Misfortunes*. But I am of Opinion, That *Matrimony*, as Prickly a State as some think it, yet it produces very few *Thorns* to Torment our Sides, but what *Affability* and *Discretion* may at any time turn the Points of, and prevent those *Mitchiets* which are always further'd by our *Folly* and *Impatience*.

Eliza. Pray from whence do you believe the *Uneasiness* of *Wedlock* most commonly arises? For it is difficult to prescribe

prescribe a Remedy, without first Enquiring into the Causes of the Distemper.

Mariana. According to my *Innocent Conceptions* of the matter, these are the two General Causes of all the *Plagues* and *Vexations* with which *Matrimony* is infected, (*viz.*) Either too much *Love*, or else, on the contrary, too little; the first *Extream* being commonly attended with such *Fears* and *Jealousie*, that every Absent Minute that the Affairs of the World shall occasion, begets *Anxiety* and *Disquiet*, and fills our *Fanciful Minds* with such *Imaginary Vultures*, that are always gnawing of our tender *Vitals*. The last *Extream*, which is the most intollerable of the two, changes the very *Genuine Nature* of *Words*, *Actions*, and *Accidents*, and puts such a Face of Uneasiness upon every part of *Life*, and Branch of *Duty*, that each little *Inadvertency* is Interpreted *Design*, and every thing, tho' its well done on the one part, is always ill taken on the other: Besides, it produces by degrees such *Reciprocal Carelessness* and *Negligence* both in the Husband and Wife towards one another, that excludes that *Diligence* and *Industry*, by which the

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Happiness of a Family (especially if they depend upon Business) must be intirely preserv'd, and instead of these Essentials to a *Comfortable Life*, lead one or the other, if not both, into *Adulterous Familiarities*, which seldom fail to bring the Curses upon a Family that are promis'd in the Decalogue to the Third or Fourth Generation.

Eliz. At this rate we are sure to be unhappy if we *Marry*, since both Extreams are commonly attended with such ill Consequences, because you have already told me in the State of *Matrimony* you believe no Medium.

Mariana. But you wonderfully mistake my meaning; I only told you there was no *Mediocrity*, or State of *Indifference* between the two Extreams of being *Highly Happy*, or *Excessively Miserable*, but I did not tell you that there was no Medium between too great a *Love* and too little, for it is a *Medium* between these two that must preserve the Happiness of a *Marriage Life*, which must undoubtedly consist of such a *Constant Temper* and *Regard* to each other that may secure us from running into those Extream that beget our *Misery*, for as I have already told you, an over

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Fond or *Passionate Love* is continually accompany'd with many Inconveniences that interrupt our *Quiet*, tho' not so many, or so great, as are the daily Concomitants of too *Cool* and *Slighting* an *Indifference*.

Eliza. But if we happen, when we are *Marry'd*, to *Love* to such a degree of *Jealousie* and *Uneasiness* as you speak of, how shall we help it? How can you or any *Body* justly blame us for it, if you cannot prescribe to us some such *Practical Philosophy* as may teach us to prevent it?

Mariana. That I think I can undertake to do without much difficulty.

Eliza. Pray, Cousin, be so kind, and I shall be much oblig'd to you.

Mariana. That *Intolerable Fondness* which I have hitherto spoken of, and which your self, I suppose, at some time or other have observ'd to *Ridiculously* appear between some *Adventurers* in *Marriage*, is the *Love* I mean, which arises not from the *True Grounds* of a *Friendly* and *Honourable Esteem*, but a *Covetous* and *Lustful Desire* of repeating those *Pleasures*, upon which, for want of more *Vertuous Meditations*, they are perpetually thinking; this causes them

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to be continually Exciting one another by their *Fond Kisses*, and other *Amorous Dalliance* to those *Carnal Felicities*, that ought not so much as be thought on out of the *Nuptial-Bed*, without Blushing. These are the *Inordinate Desires* which (in some Persons that have not the Discretion to Govern their Appetites) beget that *Ungovernable Jealousie* that makes the State of *Matrimony* incident to more Mischiefs than what attend a *Lustful Couple*, who, to gratifie their *Lascivious Inclinations*, have, by a *Verbal Covenant*, engag'd themselves to live in the *Shameful Sin of Fornication*. For those who in a *Marry'd State* make their *Carnal Enjoyments* the only Objects of their *Felicity*, have nothing but the Ceremony of *Marriage*, instead of *Virtuous Principles*, to protect them from the *Slauder* of being *Lewd* and *Vicious*; for *Marriage*, I am perswaded, is no more a License for us to Indulge our *Exorbitant Desires* with *Excessive Vencry*, than a *Clergyman's* saying *Grace*, is a License for a *Glutton* to Gormondize at a *Feast*; and when ever an *Imprudent Couple*, tho' *Marry'd*, make it their *Businels* to be always feeding, fondling, and stirring up such a *Wanton Concupiscence*, it very often proves

proves such a weakening to their *Generative Faculties*, that it totally destroys the very end of *Matrimony*, which is *Lawful Generation*, and every Body knows the great Dissatisfactions that generally attend both Sexes in the State of *Matrimony* for want of Issue, which is a Curse that often leads both the Husband and the Wife into those *Adulterous Experiments*, that bring *Inevitable Ruin* and *Disgrace* upon themselves and Families. Therefore let a *Man* be *Sober, Provident, Courteous, and Continent*; and the *Wife* be *Careful, Patient, Affable, and Obedient*; and these will prove the only means to preserve the Happiness of *Wedlock*, which, without sufficient *Discretion* to Govern our *Carnal Appetites*, Conquer our *Jealousies*, and Subdue our *Headstrong Passions*, must of Necessity prove but a State of *Misery* and *Confusion*.

Eliza. I thought, Cousin, when we were once *Marry'd* we might then without Offence take any Liberty with one another that our selves should think fit; or else methinks it is such a *Hide-bound State* that is scarce worth a couple of *Lovers* Coveting.

Mariana. O fye! You talk as if you would

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would *Marry* for no other Reason but to satisfy the Fury of your *Loose Desires*, beyond all manner of Restriction.

Eliza. Methinks those that are *Marry'd* may presume to be the best Judges of that, for what Precepts or Rules can give a certain Limitation to their *Carnal Enjoyments*, since there is such a vast difference in the *Constitutions* of Persons.

Mariana. You may as well say that every *Glutton* and *Drunkard* are the most proper Judges of what Quantity of *Food* or *Wine* will best suffice their *Appetites*, and that without *Sin* they may pursue their own *Beastial Inclinations* beyond all bounds of *Moderation*.

Eliza. But, pray, Cousin, acquaint me, suppose you were *Marry'd*, after what manner would you behave your self to a Husband, that it may be a Rule for me to walk by, if ever I should enter into the same State.

Mariana. I think I should Deport my self with that *Modesty* out of my Bed-Chamber towards my Husband, both in Publick and Private, as if I both Scorn'd and Hated he should call into remembrance the *Liberties* we had taken between the *Nuptial Sheets*; I should be *Kind* in my *Expressions*, but
never

never *Fond*, seemingly to resent a *Slight*, but never so as to be *Angry*, I would be *Careful* of my *Charge*, *Punctual* to my *Word*, *Obedient* to his *Will*, *Tender* of his *Person*, *Respectful* to his *Friends*, and *Mindful* of his *Family*, *Faithful* to my *Trust*, *Indulging* to my *Children*, and *Easie* with my *Servants*; hoping by this means to confirm his *Love*, and preserve that *Conjugal Peace*, which is *Absolutely Necessary* for the *Security* of our *Happiness*.

Eliza. I must confess these are Excellent Resolutions, but how would you behave your self in Bed to avoid an Excess of those Pleasures which, between a Loving Couple, are so very Inviting?

Mariana. I would there also have a due Regard to *Female Modesty*, and be careful that I offer'd nothing that was unbecoming of my Sex in the Station I was in, what ever should be there Transacted should be always the Effect of my Husbands own Inclinations, which should never be rais'd beyond their Natural Force by any *Amorous Artifice*, or *Effeminate Temptation* on my side, I would refuse his Favours when I thought his Kindness too Profuse or Unseasonable, tho' not after such a manner as
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that the denial should make him Angry, but rather dissuade him from his Humour, as prejudicial to his Health, and disagreeable at present to my own Inclinations, but when ever I gave way I would be as Obliging as possible, least he should ascribe my Indifference to the Coolness of my *Affections*.

Eliza. Your last Resolution makes me Smile, not but if I had a Spouse that I lik'd, I believe I should be of the same Mind to a Tittle.

Mariana. Fye, fye, Cousin, you talk *Waggishly*; you should not have Selected my last *Precept* from the rest, but have taken 'em all together, and if you do but observe them when you're *Marry'd*, you need not doubt of being Happy.

Eliza. But after all, Cousin, considering the hazards we run in meeting with disagreeable *Humours*, perverse Extravagant *Husbands*, and a thousand other Misfortunes that attend *Matrimony*, it is in my Opinion the best way for those that can contain themselves to Live single.

Mariana. There can be no good way of doing an ill thing; and I look upon the Resolution of Living a Single Life, when under no *Lawful Impediment* to be
one

one of the Wickedest Obligations that *Humane Nature* can impose upon it self, Injurious to the *Publick*, and directly contrary to the *Laws of God and Nature*. For one of the first and greatest Commands that ever were laid, by Heaven, upon Mankind, in the Beginning, was, *viz. Encrease and Multiply*; and how is it possible for a Single Person to perform the Tenure of this Irrevocable Decree, without the Shameful Sin of *Fornication*.

Eliza. Pray how do those Ladies discharge their Duty, that enter into *Monastries*, there take an Oath of *Celibacy*, and bind themselves in a Pious Resolution of Marrying none but the *Church*, and that, I suppose, is such a *Mistical Husband*, who, tho' it has many *Stones*, yet is it unable to fulfil this great Commandment you speak of.

Mariana. Tho' the *Romish Church*, as a *Mistical Body*, cannot perform *Carnal Copulation*, yet she has a great many *Brawny Well-fed Priests* that can, and I am apt to believe there is as much foul Play Transacted in some of their *Spiritual Cloisters*, as there is in the *Long-Cellar in Amsterdam*, or any of our *English Bawdy-Houses*, so that I can scarce
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forbear being so *Uncharitable* as to think that it is sometimes the *Levity* of our Sex as well as their *Piety*, that induces them to retire into those *Sanctify'd Seraglio's*, where they may be Lustily Kifs'd by their *Holy Fathers* without the Fear or Danger of *Publick Shame*, and have their Sweet Sins Generously forgiven them the very next Minute after they have committed them; and these I am apt to think are the *Loose Considerations* that entice more *Women* into their *Monastick Brothels*, than their *Sincere Affection* to *Unfeigned Piety*, or their *Chaste and Religious Desires* of Living a *Righteous, Sober, and a Godly Life*.

Eliza. These are very *Uncharitable Thoughts*, and such that I could scarce believe you could have entertain'd of your own Sex, without convincing Proofs, especially of such who have involv'd themselves, for Life, under so *Religious an Obligation*.

Mariana. Pardon my Severe Censures without better Assurances, for I confess I am too apt to Judge other *Women* by my self, believing my own Resolutions are as strong against all Temptations as the most *Case-barden'd Vertue* that any of my Sex can boast of; yet was I

debar'd of *Matrimony* and not beyond all hopes of it, rather than I could go out of the World without Experimentally knowing after what manner I came into it, I believe my Curiosity would prevail with me to turn *Harlot*.

Eliza. You make me smile at your own Opinion of your self: But do you really believe it impossible for a *Woman*, every way Qualify'd, like the generality of her Sex, to carry herself thro' all the Stages of this Life, by the Power of *Resolution*, without an Earnest Desire of entering into the State of *Matrimony*, or seeking some other way to satisfy a vain Curiosity of being acquainted with the means of *Generation*?

Mariana. I believe a Desire of producing our like is so implanted in our *Effeminate* and *Fruitful Natures*, that it is impossible for a compleat or perfect *Woman* to pass thro' this Life without answering the end of her *Creation*, except with abundance of *Uneasiness* and *Reluctancy*: I cannot think any *Woman* ever made it her choice, at *Mature Years*, to live single, but she had private ways of coming at those *Freedom*s which were Equivolent with *Matrimony*; not but I believe many have dy'd *Maids* at

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a considerable Age, tho' I am apt to fancy so very much against their own Wills, that could they have foreseen the Severity of their Fate, they would have found out means to have prevented their Destiny, that is, if they could not have stop'd their Journey to the Grave, they would have been such wary Travellers as not to have taken the Luggage of a *Maidenhead* along with them.

Eliza. I am very glad to find you so Merry with your Opinion: But me thinks it is very hard that we should be under so strict a Duty to *Marry*, and in the next place under so great a difficulty to get good *Husbands*.

Mariana. As *Marriage* is that great Law of Nature, Generation, now Limited and Circumscrib'd by the Laws of the *Land*, I do think all Persons, except they have convincing Reasons to the contrary, are under indispensable Obligation to comply with it; therefore if we cannot help our selves with such *Husbands* as we would have, we ought to content our selves with as good as we can get; for who would Humour a Nice Appetite at such a rate as to Starve the Body, because we are unable to purchase what we long for? Besides,

Women in the choice of their *Husbands*, and *Men* in the choice of their *Wives*, are very apt to be disappointed in their Judgment, according to the following Instances.

A couple of Country Gentlemen being strictly United in the Bonds of *Friendship*, had mutually resolv'd never to *Marry* without the Consent of each other, but going often together to visit a Neighbouring Gentleman, who had two Marriageable Daughters. In a short time the Young Sparks, being Brisk, Airy Men, became very intimate with the Young Ladies, insomuch that the Charms of their *Beauty*, together with those of their *Fortunes*, inspir'd both the Gentlemen with equal Thoughts of *Matrimony*, who Communicating their Inclinations to each other, very Lovingly agreed to prosecute the matter, having so plac'd their *Affections* as not to interfere in the *Amours* of each other. By that time they had carry'd on their Seiges about a Fortnight, they began to compare Notes, and examine what new discoveries they had made of the *Tempers* and *Humours* of their Mistresses, one Reported, That truly he found his

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Female Grievances.

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Lady so Nimble Tongu'd, that he very much fear'd she would prove an intollerable Scold, which was the only Curse he dreaded. The other confessing, That he found his Lady so very Amorous and Coming, that he doubted she had scarce Vertue enough to confine herself within the narrow Bounds of Matrimony, so that in short he was fearful she would turn Wanton. Adsheart, cries the other, that would be the least of my fear, for I fancy I am able enough to keep Peace below Stairs; but as for that Confounded Mill-Clack above in the Garret, I would no more pretend to manage than I would to Muzzle a Tyger. Prithee, says the other, let's change, they are both good Fortunes, it is pity to lose 'em. Done, says one, with all my Heart. So accordingly they transfer'd their Affections, and the next Visit began to alter their Courtship, which succeeded so very well, that in a little time they were all Marry'd, but the Consequences happen'd so directly contrary, that she who had the Nimble Tongue prov'd an Abominable Whore, and the other that was so Kind and Coming prov'd an Implacable Scold; so that both split upon the same Rocks which they endeavour'd to avoid. Therefore we may

conclude from this Story there is no Judging before *Marriage*, how any Body will prove after.

No sooner was their Story ended but they trip'd away as light as a couple of *Female Faries*, and left me to the Resumption of my Liberty, which I had Sacrific'd for an Hour (tho' unknown) to their pleasing Discourse, so I return'd Home, and Dedicated my time to the Comforts of Life till the next Morning.

INTRO

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INTRODUCTION

To the Sixth Dialogue.

THE next Morning being *Saturday*, I had Early Recourse to the *General Rendezvous*, where *Booted Citizens* came Ambling in upon their *Tits* and *Galloppers*, as thick as *London Booksellers* to *Stir-Bitch-Fair*, so that I was presently surrounded with such a parcel of *Jabbering News-mongers*, and *Shop Politicians*, that a Stranger would have thought, from their Disputations and Debates, that the *Wise Heads* of some *Aspiring Faction* had Conven'd themselves together, in order to concert Matters for another *Revolution*. As I was thus looking about me, and dazzling my Eyes more with the *Lustre* of each *Shopkeeper's Spurs*, than with the *Beauty* of the *Ladies*, a *Rural Coridon* came Whistling by, mounted upon the *Forehorse* of his *Team*, ready Harnes'd for the *Plough*, and wanting some *Tobacco*, he made a stop at the *Wells*, and dismounting from his *Dobbin*, hook'd the *Traces* of the hindmost *Horse* to a crutched Prop, that was one of the main Supporters of an Old *Water-Womans Hovel*, into which a cluster of Citizens had just Crowded, and were busily Consulting about some New Project, that if put in Practice the next Campaign, might cunningly convey our *Troops*.

in spite of all Opposition, into the middle of *Paris*; in this Interim, whilst *Roger* was gone to furnish himself with a Penniworth of Funk, and a short Pipe, an unlucky Rogue, as he pass'd by, gave a Chearup to the *Team*, which the *Horses* taking for the Word of Command sprung forward, and making a Strenuous pull drew up the chief Prop of the Tenement, that the whole Roof (which consisted of two or three Load of dry *Fuzzes*, most abominably prickly) tumbled all in upon the Heads of the Cabal, who were almost Bury'd alive beneath the Tormenting Fuel; some crying out, *Help! Help!* Others *Treachery! Treachery!* Some creeping out one way, and some another, like Rats out of a Woodstack, but all so prick'd and scratch'd about their Hands and Faces, that a Man who had been a Stranger to the Accident, might have thought by their Scars and Scratches, they had been contending with their Wives about the Jurisdiction of the Breeches. *Hob* ran one way after his *Horses*, the Boy that had caus'd the Mischief fled another, to escapè the Countrymans long Whip, and the Fury of those Persons who were so Terribly Claw'd in the fatal Overthrow. The Old Woman fell into Tears for the downfall of her *Wigwam*; the Men had enough to do to pick the Prickles out of their Flesh, which stuck as thick in their Hands and Faces, as Pins in a Cushion against a Womans Lying-in. This being all that Remarkably happen'd this Morning, I return'd to my Lodging when I had drank my Waters; and then pass'd away the time till my Evenings Diversion call'd me to the Wood, where I heard, from the pretty Ladies, another Entertaining Dialogue.

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DIALOGUE VI

BETWEEN

ELIZA and MARIANA,

*Of the Unreasonableness and Injustice
of Marrying for Money, and the
great Misfortunes that frequently
attend those that do.*

Eliza.

I Remember last Night you were of Opinion; that it was the Duty of all Persons to *Marry*, except such that knew themselves to be under some *Impediment*, or *Defect*, that should render them incapable of *Generation*, which is always allow'd to be the Principal End of *Matrimony*; if so, methinks, it is but reasonable that every Body should steer themselves by their *Affections*, and not by their *Interest*, into that *State*, because it is highly probable, that those who *Marry* for *Love*, should be much more Fruitful, than those who without *Love*, *Marry* only for *Money*; besides, it is a great hardship upon our Sex, that a pretty Woman must stick a hand for want of a full Bag or

two. But, indeed, Men, in this *Covetous Age*, are grown so very *Mercenary*, that a *Cobler* (if he has but the *Vanity* to think himself a good *Workman*) will value his *Auls* and his *Art*, and every *Grizly Hair* of his *Erowzy Party-colour'd Beard* at such a rate, that a *Fat-Sided Hostess* would find it no little piece of difficulty to win his *Favour* so far, as to *Noose* him for a *Cloak*, without she can give him a *Hundred Pounds* or two, to sling away at *All-Fours*, *Shovel-Board* and *Nine-Pins*.

Mariana. I must confess it has sometimes been a *Startling* to me, to hear a little *Weasel-Fac'd Baboon*, over-loaded with *Wig*, *Sword*, and *Stenkirk*, whose *Intellects*, without his *Acres*, would have been scarce sufficient to have *Recommended* him to the *Place* of a *Penny-Postman*. To talk of his *Thousands* with a *Wife*, and what *Matches* he has *refus'd*, when as to my own part, tho' I cannot boast my self a *Fortune*, yet before I would *Dishonour* the *True Symmetry* and *Proportion* with which *Heaven* has *Bleiss* me, so as to submit my self to the *Embraces* of such an *Unmanly Woman Plaguer*, I would sooner chuse to spend my *Days* in a *Monastery*; and yet, I would have you think, I have no more an *Aversion* to *Merriage* than the rest of my *Neighbours*.

Eliza. Truly, *Cousin*, I think it a *Noble Resolution* in either *Sex*, not to suffer *Love*, which, abstracted from all *Lust*, is so *Heavenly* a *Passion*, to be *Bias'd*, or made *Subservient* to that *Base Corrupter* of *Sorded Minds*, *Interest*; for I am verily perswaded the *Mutual Affections* of a *Marry'd Couple* produce more *Blessings* to each other, preserve that *Peace*, and *Crown* their *Days* with those *Coelestial Comforts*, that are not

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to be acquir'd by any other means than *Love*, and, consequently, not to be purchas'd by all the Wealth in the Universe.

Mariana. Yet we find these Considerations will not prevail above the Mercenary Corruptions of the present Age. *Ferry-Blackacre*, tho' as Ugly in both Shape and Face as a *Man-Tiger*, and as Contemptible for his Ignorance as a *Parish-Changeling*, yet, we see, he won't venture to put on the *Church-Shackles*, without a Woman can bring him an Equivolent: And, truly, our own Sex are as much to blame, for I have known a Thousand Pound Lady, with a stinking Breath, and as Crooked as a *Rams Horn*, upon a *Marriage Treaty*, refuse to bait Ten Shillings a Year of her Jointure, in consideration of her Infirmities.

Eliza. Then if I had been a Man Old *Nick* should have taken her for me. I protest I am of a Temper so vastly different from these Mercenary Wretches, that I would sooner chuse to live in a Cellar upon *Rumps* and *Burs*, with a Man that I Lov'd, than to Ride in a Coach with such a Deform'd Coxcomb, that should fall as much under my Contempt, as I should under the Worlds Pity.

Mariana. I wish both Sexes were of your Mind, than *Vertue*, *Beauty*, and *Good Temper*, would sufficiently supply the Defects of a *Small Fortune*: But as Matters are now Canvas'd, *Matrimony*, amongst Men, is become as meer a *Money-getting-Trade* as any they were Prentic'd to; for the Citizens dispose of themselves, as the *East-India Company* do of their Commodities; when a Young Man has a mind to Marry, he generally Courts half a Dozen at a time, that is, he puts himself up at Auction amongst the Ladies,

dies, and she that can prevail with her Father so bid most for him, be she as Homely as a *Succubus*, she is sure to have him; in short it is the same with both Sexes, the fairest Bidder always run away with the Prize.

Eliza. 'Tis true; but, methinks, Parents that labour hard to make these Profitable Bargains, as they think 'em for their Children, if they prevail with 'em to Marry contrary to their own Inclinations for the sake of Lucre, they do but Sell them as Slaves into a Miserable Bondage; and shew themselves, by their over Care, but Mercenary Kidnappers to their own Sons and Daughters, that betray them often into the odious Embraces of those they hate, for the sake of a little more Dross, than perhaps is necessary to further their Happiness; for what signifies ten Dishes of Meat, when less than half the Number will yield a Comfortable Meal? Or two Footmen when the Attendance of one, in abundance of Cases, is rather more Troublesome than Needful? What Woman, barely for the sake of such unnecessary Grandure, would Sacrifice her Youth and Beauty to a Brainless Block-head that she hated, whose Conversation would prove as Nauseous to a Prudent Wife, as a *Beau's Encomium* of his *French Peruke* would be to a Grave Philosopher.

Eliza. I must confess I am an utter Enemy to all Mercenary Matches; I would have Love, instead of Money, be settled as the Principal Preliminary to *Wedlock*; and as an Encouragement for Lovers not to be Faint-Hearted, methinks I would have every Body acquainted with this Story, which is matter of Fact, within my own Knowledge.

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A Rich Merchant of the City of London, having two pretty Young Ladies to his Daughters, both Marriageable, design'd, if they Marry'd with his Approbation, to make them considerable Fortunes, a Wealthy *Shopkeeper* in the City Dying and leaving but one Son behind him, who was much Deform'd tho' very Rich, the Father of the Ladies, for the sake of his Estate, thought him a proper Match for his Eldest Daughter, and accordingly brought Matters so about, that in a little time their *Nuptials* were Consummated, notwithstanding the Young Lady declar'd a great Aversion to the Contemptible Person of her *Diminutive Gallant*: But the Father was so Resolute, as, in a manner, to force her Submission, and to gratifie her Compliance gave her a large Portion. The Eldest Daughter had not been long Marry'd before the Youngest fell deeply in Love with a Younger Brother of the *Temple*, who used to receive his Paternal Allowance by the Hand of her Father, so that he had now and then an opportunity of speaking Lovingly to the Young Lady, for whom also he had a very great Kindness. In this Clandestine manner they carry'd on their Intrigue, being both satisfied her Father would never Consent to bestow his Only Child that was now Uprovided for, upon a third Son, who had no more than the Prospect of a very slender Patrimony; so that at last their *Loves* being mutually heighten'd to a very great Pitch, they resolved to run all Hazards, so agreed upon a time to be Marry'd, trusting to the Goodness of *Providence* for their future Happiness. No sooner had they perform'd the Ceremony, and solemniz'd their *Nuptials* between the Sheets, but they sent a Letter to acquaint the Father how his Daughter was Dispos'd of, who grew immediately Enrag'd

rag'd beyond all Reconciliation, insomuch that he would not look upon 'em, nor be prevail'd upon to give 'em so much as a Blessing towards their future Prosperity. The Young Gentleman wisely considering his Condition, and that he had little to trust to besides his Business, apply'd himself very closely to his Study; and by the Assistance of a small Sum from his Own Father, so Work'd himself into Business in the Law, that he had a Comfortable Prospect of defending himself and Family from the Necessitous Pinches of a Narrow Fortune, whilst the Crooked Disciple that the Father had himself pick'd out for his Eldest Daughter, grew such a *Debauch'd* and *Gaming Extraneous*, that he became a *Bubble* to all the *Sharps* in the Town, till he had so wasted his Estate, that he was forc'd to Mortgage, which the Young *Lawyer*, that had Marry'd the Sister, took the Advantage of, and got such footing into it by degrees, till at last he made a clear Purchase of the whole; so that the *Lawyer* and his Lady, who Marry'd meerly for *Love*, so Prosper'd in the World, as to Live in Pomp and Splendor, whilst the Father was forc'd to take Home his Eldest Daughter, and Transport her Crooked Curse of a Spouse with a small Cargo into a Foreign Plantation, to give him a slender Opportunity of recovering his decay'd Fortune.

Just as the Story was ended a couple of wandering *Lovers* coming up to the same Corner of the Wood, gave them a little Interruption, and caus'd 'em to Rise and Walk off for a few Minutes; but when the Coast was clear they return'd again to their Places, and began a New Discourse upon the following Subject.

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Proposals for an Act to Enforce Marriage, and for Taxing such Batchelors as refuse to Marry.

Eliza.

Amongst all the *Female Grievances* we have hitherto *Debated*, there still remains one that I think we have not yet touch'd upon.

Mariana. Prithee, Child, what's that?

Eliza. There are abundance of *Batchelors*, who, thro' a Cowardly Apprehension of the Cares and Troubles that attend a *Marry'd State*, are so fearful of entering into it, that they will rather run the hazard of Damning their Souls with the repeated Sin of *Fornication*, than they will Honestly Engage in *Wedlock* to Procreate within those reasonable Bounds which the United Laws, both of God and Man, have most Religiously appointed: Therefore methinks it would well become the Care of a *Parliament* to Redress this *Grievance*, so very hurtful to the Kingdom in General, as well as to our Sex in Particular, by some Compulsive Law that should Enforce *Marriage* upon all Single Sinners, who otherwise will never keep a Cow of their Own whilst a Quart of Milk is to be bought for a Penny.

Mariana. I'll assure you I like your Thoughts very well; for if we Consider rightly, we can allow *Batchelors* to be no other than *Drones*, in the Great-Hive of the *Common-Wealth*, that enjoy without Reason, the Advantage of *Marry'd Peoples Labours*, in having their Liberties and Estates secur'd by the loss of other Mens Lives, and will not be Industrious to repair from
their

their own Loins the Native Strength of the Kingdom, for tho' they have not Continnence enough to forbear the Pleasure, yet the Liberty they take is with such *Common Strumpets*, who, by their Debaucheries and Distempers, are render'd wholly incapable of producing any Serviceable Fruits of their Sinful Labours. Therefore pray let us lay our Heads together to Consult of some Proposals that might move our Senate to a Wise Consideration of this weighty Matter.

Eliza. Pray, Cousin, do you begin and propose one Clause and I another, and so we'll proceed till we have digested our Project into so many several Heads, that may be an ease to the Senate if ever we should hereafter Petition the House to bring in a Bill for the Advancement of the Church, the Suppression of Vice, and the Improvement of the Native Strength of Her Majesties Kingdom in a Lawful way, &c.

Mariana. With all my Heart; you would have me begin, so accordingly I'll proceed to the business, (*viz.*)

That every *Batchelor* above the Age of twenty, and *Childless Widower* under the Age of fifty, shall be Oblig'd to Marry within the Circle of one Year, Commencing from the date of the Act, or else be liable to be Press'd into the Sea or Land Service (after the Expiration of the Term limittd) when ever Her Majesties Forces shall need a further Recruit.

Eliza. That their Effects shall be all Sequester'd by the Government, and be Distributed by an *Almoner* for that purpose, into the Hands of so many *Trustees*, chosen out of every Parish, for the better Supporting and Maintaining all such Poor Children as have lost their Fathers in the

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the Defence of the Kindom, and the Ovesplus to be dispos'd of amongst those Miserable Husbands who are plagu'd with Scolding Wives, Empty Purfes and Smoky Houses.

Mariana. That an Alms-House shall be Built, and Endow'd for the Reception of all such Childless Widowers and Batchelors as shall, by Reason of their Low Stature, Crookedness, Weakness, or any other Infirmities whatsoever, be Judg'd unfit for Her Majesties Service; and that every such Widower or Batchelor shall be allow'd one warm Frize Gown every Year with a Yellow Badge upon the Right Arm, upon which shall be stamp'd an *Ape* in a String, and under shall be Engraven this Motto.

*Who Dies an Old Maid
Leads Apes when she's Dead;
But he that hates Wiving
Shall lead 'em whilst Living.*

Mariana. That every single Member shall have a Convenient Apartment to himself, with a Bed, two pair of Course Sheets, one Leathern Chair, one Earthen Candlestick, a Green Chamber-Pot, and a little Grate; and that every Ten of them shall have an Old Woman to wait upon 'em, and to hand 'em their *Water-gruel, Barley-broth, Turnips, Carrots and Potatoes*; for that they shall not be allow'd any other Food than *Soops, Herbs and Roots*, because they have forfeited the Liberty of an *Englishman*, by not Loving Flesh in a Righteous way, therefore they ought not to have it to indulge their Vicious Appetites.

Eliza. O fye, Madam, should we put such a Cruel Article upon the poor Gentlemen, it would be

be Constru'd downright Tyranny, beyond all President.

Mariana. I am sorry to see you so Tender to those who are so Cruel to us, who ever refuses out of Obstinacy to comply within the Term, has resolv'd himself into a State of *Insufficiency*, chusing rather to Suffer than to Marry; therefore we ought to consider 'em as much Superannuated as to our Sex, as if he were Fourscore, but no Infirmary ought to be allow'd a good Reason against a Mans Marrying; for tho' he be unable to get Children, he is never the less able to Father 'em; therefore, I think, all those that stand out in Contempt of Wedlock, cannot be dealt with too severely.

Eliza. Truly, Cousin, upon second Thoughts I must agree with you that they cannot be us'd too hardly. But, I doubt, the *Parliament* will expect we should set forth the *Danger of Celibacy to a Nation*, as the chief Motives to induce 'em to take our other Proposals into their Wife Consideration.

Mariana. That's well thought on; but we must be very brief, for the Members in *Parliament* hate long things, tho' we Women are said to love 'em; therefore let us begin, and help one another to Concisely set forth

The Danger of Celibacy.

Eliza.

IN the first place it would be a means of greatly impairing the Glory of the *Establish'd Church* of this Kingdom, by lessening the Interest of the *Bishops Courts*, which depend much upon *Marriage Licenses*, and consequently the Gran-

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sure of *Prelacy* must be much reduc'd, not only so, but it would prove of great Disadvantage to all the *Inferiour Clergy*, should the People once shake off the *Church-Shackles*, and get a habit of falling to without *Grace*.

Mariana. Secondly, It would be a means of Ruining all Families, Dispeopling the Kingdom, and leaving our Posterity unable to Defend themselves against the Insults and Invasions of their Foreign Enemies; for no Copulation must bring the Kingdom to nothing; and Universal Liberty would beget Distempers instead of Children, and force the Nation to turn their *Colledges* and *Alms-Houses* into *Sick-Hospitals*.

Eliza. Thirdly, It would cause *Rapes* and *Murders*; for if both Sexes were in Common, both would contend for Enjoyment where they could have no claim; besides, the Care and Education of Children would be totally neglected, for what Man would be burthen'd with the Charge of those Brats, that another might have the Liberty of getting as well as himself.

Mariana. Fourthly, It would be a means of introducing the Beastly use of *Sodomy*, and making every *Timorous Leacher* turn a *R—y* for fear of contracting that Filthy Distemper in a Minute, that maynt be claw'd off in a Twelvemonth.

Eliza. I find we shall be able to dispatch our Undertaking to a Nicety, a few more of these Considerations, when we have more time to think, will certainly prevail, but the late-ness of the Evening now calls us to be

Mariana.

Mariana. 'Tis very true, Child, therefore let us be Jogging, or the Old Folks will think they've lost us.

So up got my Ladies, and away they walk'd giving me my Liberty to retire to my Lodging, from whence the next Morning I return'd to London.

*Well pleas'd that Maids, if these Fair Nymphs
Should look so Innocent, yet know ^{[were such,} so much.*

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